

CAVALCADE

JANUARY, 1936



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★ MARRIAGE AND THE COLOR LINE

★ WHEN BOXING BOOLS CRASH ★ THE HORROR SHIP HOAX

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naked on the beach

A head-minded woman looks at society styles in swimming gear!

WE went camping and shooting, six of us, away into the bush, and we camped by a creek. Actually, it was called a river; but it was only about twenty feet wide, and perhaps rather fast in its deeper part. It was slow-flowing, and under the trees it looked very lovely.

On the Saturday afternoon we looked swimmers; for though we had planned to do all this camping and shooting before the weather got too hot, an early breath of summer crept up on us.

Len said, "Gee, but I'd like a go at that water." Len was covered in

sweat and dirt; his face was beaded with the early heat. Finally he got to his feet in desperation and said in one of those tight voices, "Damn it, I'm going in."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well you girls can take a walk," he said. "None of us have any costumes."

So we girls took a walk. Through the trees we could hear the noise of the boys—our husbands, exercising their lovely privileges.

Jean said, "If we can round the bend we could have a dip ourselves, couldn't we?"

More than a little disgruntled that all the fun should be on one side, we decided not talking into it.

When we were talking about it that night Len said, "We must be a lot of imbeciles. Why the hell do we us, husbands and wives, friends of each other—why do we job at mixed bathing at the sands? I, for one, wouldn't object."

Jean said that somehow it seemed wrong to be seen undressed by strange men, even if they were friends.

"Then why," Len asked, "do you wear that stupid little two-piece bathing suit?"

"You mean—?"

"Once it's wet you're as good as naked," Len said bluntly. I haven't a husband sound for fitness.

Jean didn't argue it out. She wasn't at all sure about it. But she knew there was a difference between wearing nothing at all, and wearing something, however little and revealing it turned out to be.

Everybody finally agreed on a plunge in the river on Sunday morning. We were pretty self-conscious, at first. In three minutes we'd forgotten. It was a good swim, and a good experience. Afterwards we wondered why anybody should even have had doubts about it. Don't mention morals, or we'll all laugh. We're not very moral people; but we just don't think morals have anything to do with it.

Since the summer started I've thought of it a lot, because I spent a lot of time on the beach. I like the water, and I like the sun, and I like coming out of the water and feeling the sun beat on me. So I don't wear more bathing suit than the beach inspection demands. But I do wear

something that is serviceable for the water. I'm much more concerned with something that gives me comfort, freedom of movement, and the maximum exposure to the sun than I am with any so-called decency.

On a recent Sunday I lay behind my glare goggles and eyed my fellow swimmers. I'm sorry, I ought to stick up for my sex, but you can't start accusing people who wear some swim stuff that is pulled so tight over their stomachs that they look as though they've painted on and varnished. Surely not for the comfort or the service it can render, if you ask me; I'm woman enough and cut enough to say that it was purchased and is worn simply to magnify the eyes of young men with high blood pressure and low taste.

Nor can I be convinced that those gay beaute costumes cunningly disguised with an uplift effect are being worn because they're any aid to swimming. Again, I think, quite frankly, that they are less of strict sex appeal and no utility.

And this is borne out, I think, by the number of them which, I notice, never get wet.

I glance over this merry and think back to that lovely Sunday morning of slight embarrassment on the river bank. I won't say anything about the modesty we showed when naked as compared with the lack of modesty these girls show when "dressed," for I might not even be believed; for my own part I'm convinced that it is much easier to flaunt all the flabby charms you have if you pump it with a couple of bits of rag, than to make the same proud display of the same features unadorned.

But a far more noble thought

SIX men and three women were hauled into the Brooklyn Court one weekend, on a charge of using loud and lewd language. This offense was said to have occurred while the party was playing a game of poker in which somebody had the lucky coin "How do you plead?" the men were asked, after police evidence had been given. Five men and three women pleaded "Guilty," but the sixth man said, may a word! How could he, when the poor guy was a nurse? "This man is commonly not guilty," the judge said. Some police faces were red.

accuse to me as a result of this—and it is a slight sympathy for these beach paradises if they were, by any chance, robbed of their varnished sterns and their baloney-up bottoms. What loss of "charm" would be entailed, were they found (yes, I say *forced*) to go naked to the beach?

A little while ago a young man walked onto one crowded Australian beach, stripped himself to the bare pelt, and stretched out on his back in the sun. He was changed with indecent exposure, which seems quite in order, since one undressed person among so many dressed people is bound to be conspicuous, and I suppose nakedness, when made conspicuous, is indecent. But the same day I saw a girl in a bathing suit (only careless pretense and a careful second strategy revealed that she was actually wearing one) undo the straps of the bra, tap to son herself! A girl myself, I remain unconvinced of this soma benefit gained by removing two thin cords from

around the neck, makes any appreciable difference. It sinks in my secret mind with the man on his back—an attempt to draw a little more attention, to be a little more daring, but in this case to exploit the charms of clothes without actually removing them, and without wearing them, either—the strip-tease psychology. Maybe I'm wrong . . .

But all of this goes on only among the beautiful—the well-built who know it, or the badly-formed who don't know it. For the spreading middle-aged it has little interest, and little appeal, because they have it forced upon them that they would, indeed, present a pathetic sight, in the heaped-up neat-nothing or, worse still, in nothing at all!

As I see it, nudity will never come to the beaches in Australia, because the number of people who look good in nothing is alarmingly small. That, I believe, is a firm guarantee that Australia will not have even the permissive nudity in public which is mythically enjoyed in Russia and elsewhere.

I find it rather quaint that the question of how much may be worn on the beach is bound up with morals, and exclusively with morals, as if nothing else mattered when it came to decency, whereas actually I'm sure that no amount of nudity could be more immoral than things as they are, with seamy tags to emphasize so-called charm.

Len (my husband, remember?) saw a boy of about sixteen taken along from the beach the other Sunday—because when he came out of the water he was wearing wet trunks and there was a cold wind blowing. He towelled himself and put on a

shirt, and in shirt and trunks was apparently quite respectable. But then he sat down on the sand, slipped the trunks off and some slacks on. At no stage, Len said, did he look any less decent than standing on the beach with his shirt dangling below the line of his trunks. But the fact that he had unobtrusively changed from wet clothes to dry offended somebody and a beach inspector took a stand.

Girls, of course, frequently do the same without arousing any comment. They put on dimdies and then unwrap their bralette corsettes and pull them out through the neck of the dimdi; they take off their trunks under cover of their dimdies—without comment. I myself saw one lass in the act of doing this when a sportive breeze did the wrong thing. I don't think anybody hastened to complain about her—it was just one of those embarrassing moments, like the spot my friend Juan was in when an sandy wave washed her bra, top up

round her neck and then broke, leaving her somewhat less than worst dress in water.

She made a hasty grab at the thing, swung round to face the sea, jerked it down into position and sat down in the water to get cover to do the thing up again. Just an unfortunate accident, that aroused no comment.

All sorts of things like that might happen while we go down to the sea to bathe in slender and often flimsy coverings; they're just accidents, or, sometimes in getting out of wet things with delicacy and taste, they are good scars. And it seems to my ordered, feminine mind, that they might be viewed as such, and the work of palming beachies turned to the purposeful immorality of the exhibitionists who make themselves a centre of undesirable attraction without going near the water. And that's not very gapes about those slender girlish figures. I'm not too hard to look at myself!





The most contentious figure of recent radio is frankly examined.

Piddington READER OF MINDS?

ANTHONY STRONG

[N February, 1962, Sergeant Syd.

Piddington and Gunner Russell Braddon of the 69th Field Battery, A.I.F., stood by a radio at Miram, two of 2,000 Australians who were beginning to realize that, for them, fighting was over.

"Australia, a peep of you. Fight on."

Neither had any illusions about the finality of the radio's message; and, two minutes later, a mortar shell symbolically destroyed the radio.

Piddington, with eleven other Australians, travelled 50 miles through virgin jungle behind the Japanese lines, to reach their base and, later, Chang Prison Camp. Of Braddon's whereabouts he knew nothing—yet, where personal loss was accepted fatalistically, he continued to believe that his friend remained alive.

Nine months later, a batch of 150 Australian prisoners arrived in Chang Camp from Kuala Lumpur, and Braddon was among them.

For Piddington and the other prisoners, those months had been deadly monotones. An article clerk so an accountant before the war, he discovered that men died not only of physical illness, but because the monotony took toll of their mental resources; and he fell into the habit of co-operating with Fate. Once, after a five weeks' spell in hospital, he managed to sleep four days before a working party was lined to leave Singapore for Borneo. That island being close to the Philippines, from which the counter-attack might be expected to come, another prisoner suggested to Piddington that he should volunteer for the party.

Earlier, he had applied for a transfer to the Chang Concert Party, and he decided that unless the transfer were approved before the party was moved out, he would volunteer. He was transferred a day before the death left—and of the party that went to Borneo, only two men survived.

Later, Braddon was detailed to go to Thailand, and Piddington, the one volunteered to accompany the party. Brigadier Gallagher, in charge of the Australians in Chang, curtly told him that he would stay with the Concert Party to assist in maintaining prisoners' morale.

Braddon survived Thailand, and a year later returned to Singapore. During his absence, the Concert Party had graduated from bad wilderness to the presentation of plays. In six months a theatre had been erected, a pit band of 22—including Jack Payne's former drummer and Henry Goodman's former trombone player—had been formed, and a wardrobe gathered that boasted 7 full sets of suits and a number of Hermal gowns, found in the deserted homes of the city.

It was about two years after Singapore fell that Braddon picked up a Digest magazine containing an article on "extra-sensory perception." It was written by Dr. J. B. Rhine, Ph.D., of Duke University, U.S.A.

It told of experiments conducted by a group of scientists who set out to determine, through telepathy, whether the human mind possesses a means of obtaining information that is independent of bodily senses.

The group found that, again and again, results were obtained that could not be mere chance; that

"extra-sensory perception" was a relatively common gift, unlimited by age or sex, and unconfined to any human race.

It was an intriguing thought, especially to men to whom the discussion of post-war plans had become boring and who sought diversion. Braddon suggested that he and Piddington should conduct similar experiments, and Piddington, more with the idea of keeping his mind busy than anything else, agreed.

First, they experimented with colors, each taking turns to transmit and receive. Within three months, they had achieved a high telepathic factor in tests to chance, and Piddington, who had undertaken the experiments with cynicism, began to suspect that there might be something in the idea.

Conditions, he says, were ideal for experimentation, for the prisoners lived in a state of what he calls "almost Chinese detachment," their minds free of psychological factors affected in normal living.

They wondered if, for the sake of morale, "extra-sensory perception" shows could be presented for general entertainment and gave a demonstration before Major Oswald Dalry, a former London producer, who was in charge of the Chang entertainments.

Dalry decided that it would help prisoners from becoming mentally sluggish, and they created a format for a show in which were used colors, playing cards, geometrical designs, words and objects supplied by the audience, and which included a book test.

A somewhat tedious presentation gave to 40 prisoners—chosen be-

REQUEST

As here on the sofa, in cinema fashion,
With surging emotions we
pet,
I praise, my sweet, burn me
only with passion,
And not with that damned
cigarette!

Not

group to make an investigation, provided the report be made public only with Piddington's approval.

The test occupied two hours, and was conducted in a prison cell. The scientists demanded the right to supply their own objects for identification, and to bring their own books from which the "book test" would be made.

This "book test" involved the choice of a sentence from a book by the group, and shows to Piddington, who would thought-transmit it to Braddon. A doctor of psychology was appointed to secure the book, and produced an obscure technical work from his own library.

The report on the investigations, published in October, 1944, showed an 85% correct result. With scientific qualifications, it indicated that it had been unable to find any fakery. It also added that Piddington, when transmitting, coughed at intervals, and occasionally brushed back his hair, but that the group had not been able to identify these actions as a system of message-transmission.

When Piddington and Braddon arrived back in Australia after their release, they had already discussed the possibility of converting the show for City Street entertainment. But when Braddon again took up his interrupted law studies the idea was dropped.

It was not until John Wood, an actor who had been a Changi prisoner, introduced Piddington to actress Lesley Pope that the idea was reborn. Then, Piddington told Lesley Pope of the experiments, and she agreed to become his "subject."

Piddington says he was amazed at her receptivity, and, as in the case

of Braddon, the "telepathic fence" soon increased in ratio to the "radio audience fence."

They gave a private demonstration to a group of friends at a party, were heard by a radio executive, and were asked to present the show for the benefit of the studio's staff. A year later, Piddington presented his radio feature for the first time. It was not a fast-moving show, but it was controversial. In spite of the fact that it was broadcast at a time almost exclusively the property of a national sponsor, its impact was sufficient to make it the most talked-about radio presentation for years.

How genuine is Piddington? The slim, acute-faced young man with the slight stutter bravely evades answering that question, possibly for the reason that Major Dalry suggested in Changi: that a direct answer would bring to an end the controversy that has made his show successful.

His doubters received a flip on one occasion when his subject, Lesley Pope, was unable satisfactorily to receive his message, and collapsed during the demonstration. The fact that she is married to Piddington, and is herself an actress, added heat to their contention that Piddington resorts to fakery.

Piddington insists that, on that occasion, there were anesthetic elements in the studio, and that his thought transmission was jammed. He says that Lesley Pope lost confidence, missed on a couple of easy questions, and he, in response, lost control; eventually mutual confidence was lost.

One thing is certain: whether Piddington is a faker or genuine, it will not be by Piddington's own admission that the question will be answered. For the Piddington Show gets its life, not from its entertainment aspect, but from its controversial angle.



Sadism, insanity, or what? An extreme case of emotion tortures the upper limb.

JAMES HOLLIDAY



Fanatics crucify their fellows

IN New Mexico and other South-west regions of the United States there flourishes an ascending torture cult known as Los Hermanos Penitentes, that is, The Penitent Brothers.

Gruesome rites are performed by these so-called Brothers of the Blood of Christ. They are cruel religious zealots, who lash themselves with hard braided whips until great welts are raised and blood flows through.

Fanatics, they gain deep satisfaction from their own pain in order to atone for their sins. Then, wild-eyed and dripping blood, they stagger with huge crosses up desert Calvarys.

Huldas screams break out as high as pines of the order tie and even nail them to their crosses. Several strong

men then raise the cross and sink it into a hole, and in a moment the Christ is suffering excruciating pain on his self-imposed Calvary.

At the first sign of dawn the Penitentes cut down their fellow. They bundle him in sheets and blankets and carry him down the hill to the morada or place of worship, where a woman is waiting to bathe his wounds.

All these facts about the fanatical Penitentes would never have been known to the outside world but for an intrepid young writer-adventurer, Carl Taylor, who went into the hills to gather material for magazine articles about their weird worship.

He was found in his own lonely

cabin, right in the middle of the Penitente region, with two bullets in his brain on the night of 26th February, 1936.

Taylor wasn't the first to venture into the area, but he was the first to leave behind him written and photographic records of what he had seen.

He knew the risk he was taking and what had happened to some who had worried their way into the mountains, the temples of Los Hermanos Penitentes, and discovered the inner secrets of the order. Sometimes they had been knifed in the back and whipped. And sometimes they had been lashed to a cross and beaten to death. Few had ever come out of the Penitente country alive to tell their fantastic tales.

The rumors didn't worry Taylor, however. He was an adventurous vagabond who sought danger in far-off places.

In the Philippines he had often penetrated into the jungle villages of cannibals and head-hunters, diving into weird religious sects. He had also travelled in Asia and investigated criminal rites. And now he was home again, to pen the fabled horrors of the Penitentes, the ancient cult brought from Mexico, where it had been founded in the days of the Conquistadors.

On the 26th February, 1936, Taylor had good reason to feel pleased with himself. His article was finished and he would now be able to leave this gloomy region and enjoy himself. Only that afternoon he had bought a ticket to a forthcoming ball in the nearest town, Albuquerque. He idly took the little square of cardboard out of his pocket and glanced at it. What he saw caused

him to smile a little to himself. It was for table No. 13. Thirteen—and death.

Suddenly, shaking himself from these morbid thoughts, he called his houseboy, a local lad named Modesto Trujillo, and told him to prepare a bath.

He sat and read a book until the night winds brought strange cries from the morada near his cabin. The Penitentes were gathering, and he put down his book and listened. He could hear them singing and shouting fantastic hymns while in the throes of self-flagellation.

The houseboy was bustling around the bar filling a small tub, and Taylor recalled the lines in his article about Trujillo: "The boy who chops wood for me, I think, secretly cherishes an ambition some day to be elected the village Christ and hang upon a cross."

Now the ghastly sounds were fading and, relaxed, Taylor picked up his book and resumed reading. He was so absorbed he did not hear a faint tap behind him. The crash of gunfire echoed through the room. Taylor slumped to the floor, a bullet in his head. A second shot roared out—a second bullet bounced off in the winter's hard—then all was quiet except for the wind and the faint wails of the distant woe-lappens.

Ten minutes later a Juarista of the Peace, whose house was nearby, heard shouts outside his door. He ran out and found Trujillo gasping, bubbling in Spanish. His eyes rolled in terror and he pointed towards Taylor's hut.

"My master, he's been shot. Two masked men broke into the cabin . . . they had guns . . . they fired at him. Come, come quickly."

ESTHER WILLIAMS is in the small kitchen of her small house. She is wearing a two-piece swim suit. Her feet are bare. And the ends of her hair are wet. She sits awkwardly in a big black pot on the gas stove, where a slip, sends her head, and says, "I had a hair brush and I made gas soup. Try it." This is an All-American girl—a home. Usually you see Esther all dressed up—or all undressed up, in a leechy studio sit, or at a phony party. But after spending a day with her in her own house, you understand why she is a genuine favorite with movie audiences all over the world. The wholesome girl you see on the screen is not wrong. It is as real as a sunny day in California. Or, a better metaphor, it is as real as Esther Williams, the champion swimmer of Hollywood.—From "PHOTO-PLAY," the world's best motion picture magazine.

Sheriff Salazar was quickly called from Albuquerque and he started the murder investigation. There weren't many clues and it looked a tough case.

He first questioned the quaking houseboy.

"Now tell me," he asked, "what happened? Where you here?"

"Yes, I was here. Two men came to the house. They had some white rags on their faces. I see the first one, but not so much the other, who was behind. Mr. Taylor was washing in front of the fireplace, waiting to take a bath. When the first man opened the door and stuck a gun in, Mr. Taylor—"

"Was a woman," Salazar interrupted. "Where were you?"

"Oh, I was in kitchen," Trajillo replied quickly. "When the first shot came, I ran out kitchen door. I did not see Taylor fall, or see anything after the first shot. I was running."

Salazar dismissed him and began to sort through Taylor's papers for any possible clues. On the top of

the desk he found the *Penitente* article. He started to read and whistled at the account it disclosed.

He found it revealed the horrifying murder up El Calvario, and gruesome accounts of the bloody riots in the lower chamber of the moradas, where the flagellants gather before they go to Calvary, to whip themselves brutally, so many times for each of the steps in the life of Christ.

The article told how day assassins laid themselves out they fell to the ground unconscious, steady streams of blood flowing from their wounds. Often they died during those dead eyes of suffering, and were buried slowly in the hills—martyrs to Christ.

Salazar pondered. Had the Penitentes killed Carl Taylor because he had spied too much on them? He had heard of the quotation from the Great Rule Book which is kept in each morada—

"If any Brother of the Blood of Christ should ever reveal the rites or any stranger, the Chief Brother shall

consult with the other Brothers, and if they find him guilty, a pit shall be dug and he shall be placed in it alive and buried. If any stranger comes seeking our secrets the same punishment may be ordered for him, or, at the discretion of the Chief Brother, he may be locked twenty times so that he will not come this way again."

The next day the detectives continued a systematic examination of the place. Finally, in a rubbish heap not far from the house, they found the murder weapon—an old 32 calibre revolver.

Then they had another lucky break. The gun was traced to a local youth, Guatemano Gutierrez. Under questioning he admitted the gun was once his, but he had sold it to another fellow.

"And who was that?" Salazar stopped.

"I sold it to Modesto Trajillo."

When confronted with the gun and the evidence against him Tra-

jillo cracked and admitted the crime.

"Who told you to do it?" he was asked.

"No one told me—I shot him for his money."

That was his story and Trajillo stuck to it. Right through the court proceedings, conviction and sentence of 99 years imprisonment, he insisted that robbery was his motive.

Taylor's friends refuse to believe this. No one will ever know the truth, but they think it unlikely that Modesto Trajillo committed murder with no link to guns.

They think that the killing was his own form of penance, a sacrifice which would place him on a level with the young men of the district who had survived the torment of the crucifixion.

Did he see himself in this light? His ambition was to set the *Christos*, bleeding on the Cross. Did he dream of himself as a martyr, suffering even deeper than his friends, his "Brothers of the Blood of Christ"?



Marriage AND THE

color line



BROWNING THOMPSON

Black brides make good wives for some Europeans. A man of experience tells

I TOOK a cigarette from my case and inserted it slowly between my lips, then fumbled for a match, and failed to find one. The cigarette dangled for a moment, unlighted, typical of the laziness to which I had given myself for this work at sea.

Then he leaned over and flicked his lighter, a little flame glimmered under my nose, I bent until the end of my cigarette began to glow in it, then nodded my thanks.

A woman walked along the gleaming, polished deck, and he followed her with his eyes.

"Grateful as a Chokwe," he murmured, turning to me as she entered the smoking room.

I laughed. "She'd be pleased to hear that," I said. "Chokwe are an

African tribe noted for their grace, aren't they?"

"Yes. The most graceful people in the world. Those women . . ." He spread a veil of blue cigarette smoke before his eyes, and gazed through it.

"I camped in a village there. I gave the chief the usual presents, and settled down to wait for my cook. Then a lady came to see me—she was a lady, in every line of her gleaming, naked body. Splendid figure of a woman, with glossy skin, as if it had been polished; astounding, well-moulded. She was dressed to the height of fashion, that one. About six inches of brass bangles on each arm and ankle. I do not think she had on anything else.

"She had an egg in her hand. I bought it. I had not been in Africa very long, but I had learned to test the eggs I bought. We used to dip them in water; if they sank, we would pay. But this was a lady; it was impossible to suspect her. I paid her for it and she stalked away, proudly. I think the egg was only meant as an introduction . . .

"But it was her walk—the deportment of a duchess. It comes of carrying things on their heads from earliest childhood. The family shopping-mat, umbrella, mugs of water, small change—all are balanced neatly on a little pad on top of the head.

"That becomes second nature to them. And it gives their deportment."

He stopped speaking, and gazing slowly to his feet went looking for the bar. A habit he had developed in Africa. I had developed similar tendencies and went after him.

He frequently opened out into little caravans of African life. He had been a Government Surveyor, or Trade Inspector, or something. He was the most interesting man I have ever listened to.

One day he told me about Senhor Pedro.

Senhor Pedro was a Portuguese. He missed a lot of European sports by running a wayside store in the heart of the Belgian Congo, with a thoroughly black lady and a flock of coffee-colored children as his sole companions.

He didn't mind who knew he was enjoying domestic happiness with a jungle cat. Most of the Portuguese are like that in such matters. They accept the remedies of jungle isolation philosophically.

Not only do they keep jungle animals. They inter-marry freely, and are quite as proud of their half-breed children as they would be of a pure-blooded Portuguese progeny. And they meet all the responsibilities attaching to the hybrid family, educating, feeding and dressing them as carefully as if they were living in Lisbon.

Strongly in contrast, my friend told me, is the British policy which makes it an offence in the Union for a white man to cohabit with a colored woman. Great pride of race attaches to the British abroad.

"Notwithstanding these things," the African said, "the nigger is often in the thick over some suspiciously brown youngster, who is packed off to a mission station with a cheque. It's a good way to do the right thing by black Nell and at the same time retain the white man's prestige."

He omitted me of something I once told. Somebody who had been to Africa had compared the European "race" treatment of native women, from the statement of a native girl who had been married in turn to a German, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. The German scored for good treatment and giving her nice things to wear, the Frenchman the liked best of the three because he went places and did things with her, and damn public opinion. She liked the Englishman, too, but he made her feel the indignity of her position. All through their relationship she was struggled into his room at dead of night and out again before the dawn.

I told him this, as nearly as I remembered it, and he nodded.

"All over Africa, in different ways,

I have heard the same ideas expressed. Really, from a humanitarian point of view, I like the consideration shown by the German, or the Frenchman, or the Portuguese. But, looking back on my own experience, I shudder to think what would happen if too many natives were treated so well," he said.

He learned a lesson, it appeared, when he arrived at a village boasting a one-roomed mission, and stocking everything from coral bracelets to cassines. The nights had been cold, and one of the black carriers waited on him for an advance of pay so that he could buy coats at the store.

"The sight of a pair of bare legs protruding from a good European overcoat, and an ebony face grinning proudly from beneath a Botswana was a little too much; I had to laugh, greatly to their indignation," he told me.

"But I guessed that, if the things would keep them warm, there was no harm done. Little did I know the African mind. One of the boys brought me an early morning cup of coffee regularly. I noticed that, on the morning after his purchase, he came in stark naked and shivering, stiff with cold. Later, when the sun was up and the oppressive heat of the day had set in, he donned the coat and paraded proudly before his comrades. He wanted to wear it only when everybody would see and admire it."

The Trade Inspector (for such he proved to be) sat silently for a moment, watching a ray streak of cloud streaking up from the horizon.

"That was ludicrous enough," he said. "But it was not the end. All the boys came back to me in their

finery and refused to work until their pay had been almost tripled. They even threatened to desert. And when I reminded them of the heavy penalties which would follow desertion, they made it quite clear that they were no longer afraid, since they now had some white man's clothing, and were, of course, equal with me.

"The *Chefe de Post*, the local Portuguese official, had to step in and pep talk them into going back to work. That did it. But it showed me one all-important thing: these natives are just a pack of big children. That's why I'm frightened of the Congressional free-ranging policy. It's likely to give 'em ideas."

"Actually, I don't know . . . A sinking of civilization seems to me then," he said tentatively. "I remember hearing once that two Oxford graduates were living with native wives, in the native fashion. I didn't hear anything about them. I found out later, by accident.

"I strolled into a village late one afternoon. I was, standing behind some huts, parlaying to a chief's messenger. I heard, quite suddenly, an unmistakable Oxford voice from one of the huts. It was answered in a high-class English tone.

"When finally I was taken into the chief's hut, he greeted me in the voice I had heard. He was ebony black, stark naked but for a short loin-cloth, a typical Chokwe. And he addressed me in a splendid voice, in precise, cultured English.

"He turned out to be one of the Oxford graduates I had heard about. He and his brother had been sent to England, well educated there, and passed in all the ways of civilization. But they could not live under those

conditions, so they threw away their West End tailoring, and took Choisee wives, in the traditional fashion. But they often see through close jungle nights discussing the merits of Beethoven and Bach, or comparing Ernest Hemingway with popular English authors."

Paul Robeson—who, incidentally, is an accomplished bagnet and a fully qualified New York lawyer, but prefers screen work—made a statement some time ago that dovetailed perfectly with the Trade Inspector's opinion. Robeson believes that there is a definite psychological or "spiritual" difference between the African races and the white; and that, because they have entirely different minds and viewpoints, they will never harmonize.

Probably the only man alive to-day who is a real link between the two races—he has achieved a unique knowledge of both—takes great pains to explain that the African tribes have a real civilization and

culture of their own. But whites cannot appreciate it, because they are so different mentally.

The black man once told a story at a dinner which illustrates the working of the native mind. A boy in a trader's camp had been presented with a pair of shorts, which he proudly wore. One day the trader came into camp, and was approached by the boy, who was grinning seriously and carrying the shorts in his hand.

The trader asked why. "When you see a white man, you take off his. I have no hat."

Another incident concerned a boy who couldn't afford to get married. So, like Kipling's Tambourine, he "needed to borrow his neighbour's wife to sin the deadly sin."

The neighbour gave his wife a good flogging, and the sister was ordered to pay a month's wages by way of damages. Thus the matter ended, to the satisfaction of all.





WHEN BOXING IDOLS CRASH

One punch can shatter the splendor of the hero-worshipers of the ring life.

ON Monday, September the first, nineteen hundred and forty-seven, I stood with 15,000 others and watched the passing of a star. Amid a silence that was eerie in a place where men throw off their inhibitions, we saw a boxer, in a mighty battle of space against strength, pull himself slowly to his feet to await the punch that would end his ring career.

That is how I will remember Vic Patrick a spot-lighted figure standing with his eyes closed, and his back to straight as a ramrod. In that muted silence, there was drama more tense than any achieved by a master writer, as he awaited that final punch, there was in Patrick's upright stance, defiance and the acceptance of inevitability, pride in his craft.

And to my mind then, unaccountably, came a Latin cliché

"Te moriturus saluamur . . ."

Does that sound over-sentimental and melodramatic? I was afraid it would, but I make no apologies for the lapse. In fact, I believe that every man in the Sydney Stadium, that night, had a version of the same thought.

Vic Patrick was a great and gentle fighter, and no one likes to see an idol fall; but Patrick an defeat held that crowd as he had never held them in victory. He ended his ring career nobly.

There was great wisdom in his decision to retire, for, as Paul Gallico has written, "The modern prize-fighter, with but few exceptions, ends his days broke and broken. His brain and his eyesight are invariably damaged and his money dissipated. He trades his body for temporary luxury.

He is but rarely able to enjoy his earnings, if he has managed to salvage any, in health and comfort when his day is gone. And the average life of a public brawler is seven or eight years."

Patrick is a relatively lucky boxer. He has saved money, owns his own home, and has a sensible wife and two lovely daughters—factors which add up to the probability that he will build his future on a sound foundation.

Other ringmen have not been so fortunate. From the days of John L. Sullivan, the road that leads away from the ring has become progressively littered with the metaphorical bones of fallen idols. It is not so long past that we read of how the mighty Ron Richards succumbed to the call of the fish-pots. Who, seeing Richards in recent years, did not recall that he holds a decision over the present world's light-heavyweight champion, nor remember him in his great ring moments—and philosophize on the axiom that boxer idols cannot be perched?

And Richards is but one man who traded his body for temporary luxury. Jack Johnson, at no time during his boxing career became an idol with the public. He was too much of an arrogant egomaniac for that; at the peak of his ring-life, his outstanding personal characteristic was the love of wine, women, and song. Outlawed, he acted defiantly, blatantly flaunting his fame superiority over the white race.

His retirement was exile, from which he emerged to lose—more say, to sacrifice—his title to Jess Willard at Reno. When, in 1920, he returned to America and went to jail, the

million dollars he had earned were gone, and until his death in 1946, Jack Johnson lived in penury and, probably, penitence.

There was Primo Carnera, whose career was a tragedy from beginning to end—a classic example of how inexperienced boxers can be exploited by unscrupulous managers and hangers-on, who substituted more vulgarity than any other living boxer and who, following his fight with Leroy Massey, was carried broken and numb in buses, hears, and pockets, to a lonely bed in a New York hospital. Carnera's attempt to repair his shattered life in about the only field left, apart from side-shows, in which a freak can make a living. He is a wonder.

Kid Lavigne, acclaimed by those who saw him to have been a greater lightweight than Joe Gans, came from the forests of Michigan to crash into the fierce spotlight by capturing for the United States the world's championship with a victory over England's Dick Berge.

The Kid tasted glory, and found it heady stuff. At the peak of his career, it was his manager's greed based that he was once able to restrain his charge from the brink for a whole 11 days.

Lavigne ascended to the heights and sank to the gutter. In his career, he waged battle with another boxerman who has entered fame immortality) he and Australia's amazing, crushing Griffo once fought a 20-round draw—a decision which possessed more than a touch of symbolism, for the Kid and the Rodeo Boy finished their lives in much the same manner . . . men dependent on charity and hazarded, perhaps, by the

THERE'S FIRE DOWN BELOW

I feel as one who flounders over the sands,
The burning sands that bake in a blinding sun,
Sighing deliciously for cool, green lands,
Where lovely dews of gleaming water run.
I feel as one who is doomed to the pit accursed,
Rolling on burning coals in pitiful plight,
And waiting for drops of water to quench his thirst.
Oh, why did I drink that quart of plunk last night?
Nec.

ghost of what might have been and wasn't.

Ring apprentices who shared poverty in their latter years, were Sam Langford and Stanley Ketchell.

Langford, a lovable character in and out of the roped square who claimed that he invariably carried his own refreshment with him in the shape of a mighty fist, now sits alone in a Harlem apartment house. His only companions are his thoughts, a guitar which he strums incessantly, and an occasional visitor whom he greets with, "I've busted and disgusted. Why didn't you bring a couple of bottles of beer?"

Ketchell died as spectacular as he had lived in the days when he literally "rode the rode" to the world's middleweight championship. He came to Butte, Montana, as an unofficial passenger on a freight train,

and left it with a boxing reputation and a love for high living. He won the championship from Joe Thomas, lost it to Papke, and regained it from the same fighter.

He was murdered by a man named Drifley, jealous possessor of an underworld woman with whom he had become associated.

Boxing is an uncertain profession, and one which can be terminated by one punch taken on the wrong place. That punch, however, is but the one that precipitates the final collapse of a fighter's physical and mental equipment; multiply it by the thousands he had received in past contests, and sweet exposure, in almost daily grimaces, appear, and you will understand why it has become impossible for the man to consider his ring career.

Tod Morgan was a unique boxer

in that he was still active at 40—but Morgan rarely boxed in a gym, for he knew that it was in the gym that many fighters have left their future.

For the man who stays too long in the business there is an inescapable end: his speech becomes thick and unintelligible; he walks haltingly or on his heels, for the constant receipt of blows on the head affects the locomotor areas of the brain.

There are the usual signs of punch-drunkness. The spiritual side is perhaps even more tragic. It is not easy for a man who has learned to the pleasures of the crowd and who has made good money for boxing, to settle down to anonymity, or to reconcile himself to the thought that, lacking a stage, he must in future place a reserve on his spending.

It is a situation that makes immense demands upon a man's endu-

rance—and, too often, the fighter takes the easy way out.

You can see these desires in gymnasiums and pubs, and when you talk to them, nine times out of ten their conversation will be limited to mumbled stories of their past greatness—for the past is all that belongs to them; or, if the boxer is still young, he will talk heavily of making a comeback—if his hands come good.

But it is not his hands or even his heart that prevents that comeback: it is his brain.

Vic Patrick left the ring essentially healthy in body and in brain. A good proportion of his ring earnings are in the bank. And whatever the future holds for him, thousands of boxing enthusiasts who saw him at his best will again be harrying for him.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS, No. 36

Faked history of human tragedy made
a point of money for these showmen.



THOMAS HEARD

THIS is the story of one of the greatest "con-gas" of all time.

Its central figure is not a home, but a ship—an old sailing ship which made fortunes for owners who have several nations for 40 years.

The ship was the "Success," an old tub launched at Moulmein (Burma) in 1840.

Showmen bought her and fitted her out with honor cells, wax effigies and a more elaborate range of emergency than the worst hell ship ever earned, and gave her to the world as an early Australian convict hulk.

They claimed she was the last survivor of the fleet of hell ships which transported convicts from Britain to Australia from 1790 onwards, and sold glibble volumes a booklet containing colourful scenes about the alleged convict passages.

Year by year the stories grew like fish that got away, until the Australian Government felt it was time to say a word or two in official quarters in America, where the "Success" was being exhibited. That was in 1934.

The racket, it was estimated, had been returning the proprietor something like £20,000 a year. It was all right for him—the publicity wasn't so good for Australia.

The "Success" did have a link with Australia, but she was used to carry immigrants, not convicts, on the comparatively few trips she made. Her first appearance in Sydney Harbour was on December 17, 1845, when she arrived from London, via Hobart Town, with 182 immigrants in charge of Dr. Thomson and commanded by Captain Stuart. For three years she brought out migrants, then she appeared in a new role as a prison hulk

at Melbourne, where she was used as a floating goal.

In 1855, the Victorian Government sold the hulk to Alexander Phillips, and she emerged from her obscurity to achieve a notoriety perhaps unequalled in maritime history. Phillips and some associates had the hulk fully rigged out again as a barge, renamed the money to represent the last word in convict transport and included a chamber of horrors with rusty convict scenes and torture implements.

She arrived in Sydney in November, 1891, and the proprietors opened for business. They had a miniature sail boat on her main royal yard which proclaimed "Convict ship 'Success'—now open for inspection." The crowds came and the money rolled—1/- a time for adults, and 6d. for children, a pretty stiff charge considering the purchasing power of a shilling in those days.

The "Success" caught fire, was towed across to Berry's Bay, but leaked badly and sank at her moorings.

The ship was a good enough profit-making venture to be noted.

She was displayed in Brisbane, New Zealand and Adelaide, then, in 1893, sailed to England, and paid good dividends in nearly every port of the United Kingdom.

In 1912 the "Success" was sold to American speculators. A Captain W. H. Smith had her refitted at Glasgow Dock, near Liverpool, at a cost of £5,000. A radio was installed, and she set out for the trip across the Atlantic to the United States. Bad weather damaged her and she had to put back to Ireland for another overhaul.

When the "Success" headed out into the Atlantic, the crew claimed the ship was haunted and refused to go below among the wax effigies of Ned Kelly and the other notorious characters who occupied the staterooms.

But Captain Smith weathered his doubts, reached America and took his ship on an exhibition tour. Later, he took her through the Panama Canal to San Francisco. She was a special feature at an international exhibition held for the opening of the Panama Canal.

Year after year the "Success" was hawked about the sea ports, rivers and lakes of America, and year after year her notoriety and the stories about her grew and spread until 1934, when the Commonwealth Government thought the joke had gone too far and instructed the Investigation Branch of the Attorney-General's Department to do a bit of thorough research into the real history of the "Success."

The Australian Government representatives in America—armed with the official history of the ship, made a public statement that the showman's history of the ship was untrue, and gravely concerned in Australia.

"The official representatives of Australia in the U.S.A., asked the Commonwealth Government in 1925, and again in 1931, to explore the history of this vessel. A thorough investigation of official and other records has clearly established the fact that the ship now being exhibited in the U.S. was never used as a convict transport. She was utilized by the Victorian Government in 1853-56 in an emergency prison while goods were in course of construction

"LUIZ, de ye' self," might

have been the cry of a recent escapee from a Gaucha, A/S. chem. proc. Showing strange stains, this comes with seven two packs of blood bands over a disease of 25 miles and a period of 61 hours. The fugitive was a pack of boards used they were exhausted. At the end of the shore last at the day, the negro boy started police by jumping from a cliff into the path of their car, with the cry, "Take me on quick. These dogs is not enough come out me up!"

of the same name of 621 tons registered, which sailed from the Thames on January 2, 1832, carrying immigrants to Victoria, and arrived at Port Philip on May 24, 1832. Lloyd's Register, the acknowledged shipping authority, contains an entry relating to the vessel. Lloyd's Register for 1832 records seven vessels named 'Success'. Five are small coasting craft; one is a small brig, and the last is a ship of 621 tons. The entry reads:

"5637. Ship of 621 tons, built of oak. Built at Moolamba in 1842. B. Stewart, master. Trading between London and Port Philip."

"This is clearly the ship now in America. The Melbourne Argus, when referring to the arrival of the vessel, gives her tonnage as 621. Australian official searches have not disclosed any visit of the 'Success' to Australia before 1848. There are no records of any voyages made by her before that year, but there is evidence that for the first eight years of her life she was engaged in the trade between England and the East Indies. Harvie, in his publication of 1893, says the ship was built at Moolamba (so does Lloyd's), but gives the year of building as 1790 (Lloyd's says 1840). He quotes no authority. It is improbable that any British ship was built at Moolamba in 1790 as the ports and creeks of the Gulf of Martaban and Tenasserim were, until the first quarter of the 19th century, notorious as the haunts of Burmese and Malay pirates. Their depredations on European ships led to the first Burmese war and Moolamba did not become part of British territory until 1826.

"Harvie says that in 1829 the

'Success' was chartered by the British Government to establish the colony at the Swan River (Perth). There was a 'Success' in Western Australian waters in 1827-29, but she was a King's ship mounting 26 guns, and she was broken up in England in 1835. Transportation to New South Wales ceased in 1841, the year after the 'Success' was launched, and she was still in eastern waters. There was no transportation to Western Australia until 1857 and the 'Success' was in Australian waters continuously from 1852 to 1893. Transportation to Tasmania continued until 1852, but the ship's voyage in 1852 was to Port Philip, Victoria. In the American pamphlet we are told that the 'Success' was employed in the conveyance of convicts from 1802 to 1831, and in support of this assertion the narrative states that Dr. White, Colonial Surgeon, made an official record of the maiden trip of the vessel as a convict ship in 1802, when he reported that a number of prisoners died during the

voyages of the ships 'Success,' 'Scarborough,' and 'Negrae.' A report, however, appears in Mr. Charles Whelan's book entitled 'Convict Life in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land,' and the ships there referred to are the 'Surprise,' 'Scarborough,' and 'Negrae.' It is obvious that 'Success' has been substituted for 'Surprise' in order to substantiate the alleged history of the vessel to which the pamphlet relates."

These arguments were clear enough proof that the American public had been hoaxed for years.

Such is the way of the world and while there are thousands of people with a morbid curiosity and a few shillings to spend there will always be somebody to exploit them. Captain Smith told the British Consul-General at Chicago in 1925, that it was "a tremendous paying game." He didn't say, but it was estimated that he was talking about \$50,000 a year, out of which he had to pay wharf rent, advertising and the wages of the crew of 21.



smugglers

AND THE DOLLAR CRISIS

MARIE FANNING



Every change in affairs can be turned to profit by the unscrupulous.

A SHIP is about to sail, and as suitcases and trunks come through the shed on the wharf, Customs Officials eye them closely. Then one of the men nods to another who stands at the other side of the shed. He looks no different from the rest, but he is a C.I.B. man. Casually he walks across to join the other official and produces from his pocket a small bunch of keys. He inserts one of them in the lock of a suitcase and raises the lid.

Silently the two men work. Without creating disorder, they turn over clothing, slide their hands into the toes of shoes, and tap the sides and bottom of the bag. It is obvious they

are searching for something they are confident is there. At last one of the men raises his hand. In it is a small, lumpy package wrapped in a handkerchief. He slips it into his pocket, the suitcase is locked and the two men walk out of the shed.

It was all done so quickly and quietly that few people could have noticed the incident, but in the small handicraft was probably several hundred pounds, not in cash but in gold.

In the serious dollar crisis that exists at the present time, the vigilance of the Customs Department has been sharpened to detect the slightest stranger on the part of

individuals or organised groups to smuggle gold or currency out of the country. With unswerving accuracy they gather their information before ship or aircraft is due to leave and are able to carry out their investigations with sufficient knowledge to know their search is not likely to be fruitless.

It is estimated that not less than £200,000 worth of gold per year has been smuggled out of Australia during the past few years, most of it being sold overseas at three or four times its legal value. Under existing conditions it is logical to expect that every effort will be made to increase the illegal export of gold, but the smugglers are going to find it difficult to discover safe channels through which they can operate. No longer can they feel secure boarding a ship with £200 worth of gold divided into small quantities and distributed on their person. An astute Customs official may be waiting at the foot of the gangway with authority to search.

Customs Officers recently confiscated an object with an innocent appearance. It was a small wheel that looked as if it could be fitted to a child's scooter, and it was found in the baggage of a man who was leaving Australia to establish a business overseas. Perhaps the explanation that the wheel was merely a small part of a fancy machine would have been accepted but for the fact that the officers, trained to recognize the reactions of the people they dealt with, saw an uneasy expression on the man's countenance. They were unable to prevent him leaving on the outgoing aircraft, but they seized the wheel for examination. It

was taken to a Commonwealth Government laboratory where an X-ray showed foreign bodies to be present, and the wheel was immediately melted down. It yielded diamonds valuing £6,000. The result was known to the Customs authorities within two hours, and when the plane reached Darwin, the passenger was taken off and charged with attempted unlawful export of diamonds.

Almost every day Customs Officials discover new methods used by smugglers in getting goods in and out of Australia. Some are ingenious devices, others so simple that the searchers have no difficulty in bringing the hidden articles to light. Recently an eastern ship was suspected of having on board quantities of soap and knitting wool. While a band of Customs men were combing the ship, they found more than £1,000 in Australian currency in the bottom of an onion bag, which was part of the baggage of a Chinese passenger journeying home to his own country. The man was quite disgusted that his hiding place should have been found so easily.

Early in 1947 members of the Customs Boarding Branch made the biggest seizure of opium ever made in the State of New South Wales. It was found in a small secret cabin built into the captain's quarters on an overseas vessel. While tapping the walls of the cabin, the officers noticed the slightly hollow sound where the opium was concealed. Even on opening up the hidden cabin, the men had to make a further search for the drug. It was pushed into every available nook and cranny. One item of furniture was a small oak desk. On examination, the heading

POETIC FLIA.

We two have watched the sun go down,
His glory bleeding o'er the row,
Romance and rapture filled the air,
The world was wonderful to view.
But, lo! The colours fade, and die,
And evening steals along the sky,
So, lovely lady, hear a prayer! —
Now let me tie the dawn with you!

Net.

around the deck was found to have been hollowed out and filled with opium.

In pre-war years when commerce flowed freely between Australia and other countries, smuggling was mainly confined to opium, cigarettes and small quantities of jewellery, but as the inspection of personally all luxury goods is now banned by Customs regulations, the smuggler has a vast new field. During the last eighteen months, officers of the Sydney Customs Department have seized cosmetics, toilet preparations, dress ornaments, american pearls and jewellery worth more than £30,000. They have also seized appreciably one and a half million cigarettes, handbags, cameras, silk picnic goods, dresses and many thousands of expensive plastic ornaments.

Ships coming from Japan undergo

special scrutiny, as returning Australian seamen are unable to change accumulated Japanese yen into Australian currency and endeavour to bring back substantial quantities of contraband in the form of silk picnic goods, imitation pearls, fishing lures and cameras.

An unexpected discovery was made on a ship arriving from Japan a few months ago. An enormous quantity of stringed imitation pearls had been packed into kurbags, placed inside the hollow masts and hoisted to the top. On the same vessel, pearls were also found hidden inside beef cans in the freezing chamber.

The majority of ships coming from the East and manned by Asiatic crews yield smuggled opium. Customs Officers boarded one ship recently and finding large pots of rice in the galley, they examined them

with steel prodders. Each of the pots contained three or four tins of opium. On another ship, well-stocked tins of cigarettes were found in a tub of water under a pile of soiled clothes.

Members of ship crews sometimes drop contraband over the side of the vessel into the harbour, attaching string or wire to the containers so that the goods can be hauled up again when the searchers have gone. Officials are a jump ahead of this little practice and the culprits are often caught in the act of redemption when the Customs men double back on their tracks.

The engine room is a favoured lair for stowing small packages. There are lots of hollows and apertures that will conceal opium and cigarettes. Metal plates are removed, pipes cut in steel and replaced, and insulation taken out and substituted with more solid packing.

Passengers leaving vessels when they come into port frequently go to great lengths to conceal dutiable goods on their person or in their baggage. More often than not they finish up paying a lot more duty than they would have if they had declared the articles in the normal way.

Stowaways with false bottoms and pouches seldom escape detection. One valise coming to the notice of an Officer in the Customs shed appeared to be of standard design, but on closer examination, the usual metal pins at the underneath corners were found to be screws. When they were removed, a false bottom was revealed in which were forty gold wristlet watches.

A woman's suitcase was found to contain two tins of green peas. The

searchers were puzzled. It seemed odd that anyone should carry these peas with them to a country where vegetables were plentiful. When the labels were removed, it was found one tin had been carefully cut open and neutral. Inside was a bundle of English banknotes.

Men walk off ships with silk stockings and around their shirts inside their trouser legs, with diamonds concealed in their mouths and cigarettes string around their waist. Sometimes it is only by accident that Customs Officials discover the hiding place, at other times they are made suspicious by the smuggler's actions.

One man walked onto the Customs inspection shed at Sydney wharf on a hot summer day. He wore a gray felt hat, linen under which the perspiration seemed to be trickling in an excessive way. He mopped at it feverishly now and then and remarked on the heat.

As he bent over his suitcase with the Customs Officer, the latter gave the hat what seemed to be an accidental knock. It fell off and the Officer picked it up to return it to its owner. Closely packed in the crown were two dozen pairs of nylon.

Women, with their copious handbags and well-pocked dresses, sometimes prove good smuggling mediums. If the officials have suspicions that a woman is carrying contraband, they are able to call on female searchers. These examine the woman's handbag and, if necessary, her clothing. One woman was found to have five pairs of nylon and a quantity of jewellery concealed in her bustiere, and 700 cigarettes in her handbag.

A metal type hot-water bottle with

I SHOULD study democracy for six years, to fix the worth of a dog," Denny suggested. Nunnally, of Hollywood, recently did a repeat job on the scales of a stolen dog named Denny. The youth is one of his regular customers. Poor Denny, snuggled his old mistress while she thrashed him viciously on a home, and a week in the hospital to replace them with a new set. "Denny" has earned \$30,000 as a dog who chased a lot of men in close-ups, and for that money you can't blame him for wanting the best available steaks.

The cover was removed and it was seen that the base of the bottle had been cut away, then replaced and soldered. The Officers got to work on it and found that the bottle had been filled with cigarettes.

People coming off ships are often unsuspecting accomplices in a smuggling racket. An attractive young woman is asked very politely if she would mind adding another woman by carrying a bag for her. It is hoped that when passing through the Customs barrier, the woman's charms will get the "loaded" bag through with her own luggage and that it will not be more than a cursory inspection.

A Customs Officer is trained to be alert and discerning in assessing the potentialities of a ship's passenger as a smuggler. The Australian investigators follow much the same principles in this connection as the famous "Waterguards" in England.

The waiters are instructed to normally divide the passengers into three classes, the "blacks," the "whites," and the "grays." The blacks are the obvious "sheep," the whites the people who are probably innocent, and the grays, the ones who can be branded as "dubious." The men become adept at assuming up a person at point of discrimination as a "type." There is the person who is apparently ill-at-ease as he awaits the Customs official. His eyes are darting about him, he fidgets with his coat, his hat, fumbles in his pockets and generally tries to give the impression that he is concerned with anything but the matter of the inspection. This is a very probable "black," or more certainly a "gray." His luggage is searched with a thoroughness appropriate to the passenger's description.

Investigators say that the man who acts in a suspicious manner does not always prove to be guilty of concealing goods. One case in point, a man informed the Customs Officer that he was unable to open his bags as he had lost his keys. It sounded a doubtful story, but it was the truth. Keys were produced that fitted the locks and everything was found to be in order.

In order to deal more efficiently with smuggling and allied wartime offences in Australia, the Customs Department established in New South Wales, in 1944, a Special Investigations Section, which has been carried on under post-war conditions. Included in the staff of this section are thirty young and alert co-operatives, most of whom had experience with the investigation branches of the Army and Air Force

The addition of this branch to the already capable organisation of the Customs Department, has resulted in smothering blows being dealt over the last few years to individuals and gangs bringing contraband goods into the country.

The widespread black market at present operating in the country has provided incentive for large scale attempts to bring in goods in short supply. The importance of suppressing this illegal enterprise from a

national viewpoint is borne out by the fact that during the year ended June, 1947, in New South Wales alone, £21,000,846 was collected in import duties on goods imported from overseas.

Passengers who are inclined to resent the thoroughness with which their luggage is searched in the Customs sheds, should remember that it is in the interests of the country's economic and social welfare that such procedure is necessary.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



P a s s i n g S e n t e n c e s

Progress is mostly a matter of exchanging old worms for new ones. *

It is one of the *ironies* of life that when one grows tall enough to reach the jam on the pantry shelf, the craving for jam has disappeared.

Definition of Bores: A period when people buy things they don't need at prices they can't afford.

A *Freudian* was once heard to remark that Continental people have one life and English people have hot-water bottles.

News is anything that makes a woman say, "For Heaven's sake."

A fellow who can get his hair cut the day before pay day is a phytocrat.

Sign on the front door of a boarding house: "No Vacancies—No Rooms—No Suggestions."

There was the man who wrote a book on how to make money but couldn't find the money to get it published.

Business is an ancient activity once run by the people who owned it.

Conscience: What makes a man tell his wife something that he thinks she is going to find out.

The people who are fortunate enough to have a cook these days, complain that after paying her the wages she wants, they have nothing left to buy anything for her to cook.

Buddha lived a normal life with a wife and family, and when he was thirty he left home in search of happiness.

Drunkard: A person who tries to pull himself out of trouble with a corkcure.

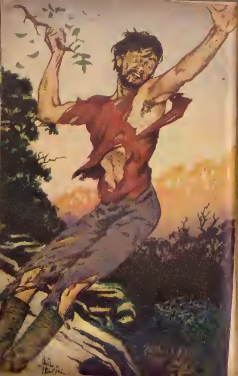
Acquiesce is what a man gives his divorced wife.

A street can be described as a broad flat surface used for the storage of "No Parking" and "Men at Work" signs.

If God never intended women to wear beautiful things, why did He make them such curv shapes?

★ **SUN, SURF, SMILES**
Summer ingenuity posed by Rita Falckenberg and Jeff Deseill of Columbia Studios.





DEATH lay in the MOUNTAINS

THE four convicts might have been men. They looked more like apes than men. But there were no cages where they stood, back in the Blue Mountains, west of the convict settlement of Port Jackson. The striped shirts they wore had been torn and, far from being scared of them, the convicts were pleased. The men were starved, the crowd would descend on their bones any day now.

The four were convicts who had arrived at Port Jackson only a few days before, on the transport "Clarence." It had been said by the wicket-keeper that anyone hardy enough to cross the Blue Mountains might escape to China.

The four men, Place, Cox, Knight, and Phillips, set out from Newcastle on the 7th of May, 1831, and travelled across the plain towards the mountains. They were equipped with one week's stores each. By the time the foothills were reached, Place had given out, but it was decided to go on. The men began to climb. They found edible berries and some sweet leaves. Each day saw them a little closer to extinction. The mountains seemed to have no end. The fourteenth day saw faced the four men ready to quit and turn back.

Thus began the series of expeditions that ended with the rescue of only one man, John Place, on Christmas.

Before mounting the ascent, Phillips wandered off to get berries. He had been gone only a few minutes when the others heard him scream for help.

They were two weeks to go to his aid, heard him fall away down into a gully, where he must have lain until he died.

Downtall was next. Six days later, the living skeletons were within five miles of the small settlement at Ryde. Then Knight lay down and died.

Last day, Cox and Place reached the river near Richmond. When they attempted to cross, the current took them and carried them on opposite sides of the river. They pulled themselves ashore by clinging to the branches of trees.

Night was then coming on. The last view Place had of Cox alive was when he lay, almost motionless, on the bank of the river, an able to rise. That was a frost-cold night. Cox died. Place lay shivering until dawn, waiting for death to deliver him, too.

A soldier out with orders to hunt kangaroos found Place alive, and had him taken to the nearest native hut. The convict was given a little food, and was able to rise. A week later, in the hospital at Parramatta, he was on the way to recovery and return to the gaol.

The hard experience of three of these four men should have caused others to think twice before trying the short cut to "China." But many went to make the attempt before Blackall, Lawson, and Wentworth did succeed ten years later.





the BROTHERS

FRANK SARAG

Love turned to madness and the
lovers were fought out underground.

THERE were once two brothers by the name of Malloch, Ernie and Joe. Joe's dead now. The way it happened was a terrible thing for Ernie.

The two were pretty close to one another. Their people had died in a car smash while the boys were still young. Ernie and Joe had battled together through a number of jobs

until they found the one that suited them.

They worked underground, as a team, in the manse where cables lie under the streets and footways of the city. And their trouble began when the manse cover fell on Joe.

Joe had left the cover propped up, instead of laying it down flat. They're heavy, those things. This



One day he forgot to watch, and Joe struck him down with a head-butt!

one fell as Joe climbed the ladder up from below, and it split his skull open.

That was the beginning of the end for Joe.

There were three bad days while Joe lay unconscious in hospital, and one good day when the crisis was over. Ernie came to visit him that night. He brought the latest sporting sheets, and a portable radio so's Joe could listen to the races.

He put the things on the locker,

and stared and smiled at Joe. But Joe wasn't smiling at him.

"Haven't you done enough?" Joe said.

"What's up, Joe?" Ernie asked.

"You tried to kill me."

"Don't be silly, Joe. You're still sick, son."

"You bet, you tried to kill me. I won't forget," Joe said.

"All right," Ernie said. "Anyway, you're going to get better, and that's the main thing."

"I won't forget, Benie," Joe said. Benie asked the doctor about it, and the doctor shook his head at first, but then laughed and told Benie not to worry.

"He'll be all right, old man. There's some lesion, but it should heal. That was a nasty crack, you know."

Benie knew, all right. Joe had fallen down the shaft into his arms, and Benie had believed him dead, at first.

"Of course, you'll have to watch him," the doctor said. "You never know, with the mind. Some strange things can happen."

Joe seemed much better the next night, but the change in him was apparent. He nodded at the things Benie brought, and said, "Thanks, Benie. I feel pretty tired, if you don't mind."

Joe was a month in hospital, and then he came home and Benie started to watch him.

The man who had replaced Joe was shifted to another room, and Joe and Benie went back to their work underground.

Things were not the same as before. Joe seemed quieter. He was friendly enough to his brother, though. The idea that Benie had tried to kill him seemed to have left his mind. Benie asked him about it, once.

"I was sitting and for three or four days, wasn't I?" Joe said. "I bet I said a lot of crazy things in that time."

"You were a bit funny," Benie told him.

"I thought you were lost down that day," Joe said. "Anyway, what the hell does it matter. It's forgot-

ten now. I'm lucky to be alive."

So they worked together, and drank together, went to the races and the schools. Benie kept on watching his brother. Then one day he forgot to watch, and turned his back on Joe, there in the shaft, and Joe struck him down with a hand-tool.

Joe climbed the ladder out of the shaft, and closed the manhole and went home. Then he rang the works foreman, and reported that he had left the job earlier in the afternoon.

"About three, it was," Joe said. "I had a bit of a headache. You know, from that wound I had."

"Well, that's all right, Joe," the foreman told him. "I'm short of hands, though. If you think Benie can get through by himself?"

"I'm sure of it," Joe said.

Benie came on. He stayed on his hands and knees a long time. He managed to turn and sit with his back against the earth wall.

His head seemed on fire. He lay there smelling the dirt and the stale air, waiting for the fire to burn down.

He made three attempts to climb the ladder. The third was successful, and he gripped the top rung and tried to force the manhole cover. It hadn't occurred to him that it would be locked. Despite robbed him of strength. He tried to hang on to the rung, but fell to the hard rock floor of the shaft and lay there.

Night had fallen over the city, and Joe was still sitting in the dark of his room when Benie started his slow crawl through the cable tunnels.

Benie had climbed the ladder again, and he had beaten on the manhole cover with a pair of cable snips. No answer had come to him. He realized that he had been

working in a part of the city not much frequented at night. He came down the ladder slowly, and got down on hands and knees and started to crawl.

The tunnel branched. Benie took the left arm, which should have gone towards the heart of the city. The foot set made every breath a gasping agony.

His forward hand found the rung of a ladder, and he stood against it and gathered strength for the climb. He came up the rung, slowly, to the top. He bent on the steel cover and called aloud, and then the strength flowed away, and he fell again.

Those who had heard were still there when the police opened the cover and brought out the bloody, bowed form of Benie Milledre.

They took Benie to hospital. They bathed him and bandaged the wound. He lay conscious on the stretcher. They left him unguarded for a minute, and by then he was on the street, holding a passing cab. He saw them run out from the hospital grounds as the cab moved away.

Benie's one thought was to reach Joe. He was afraid he might be too late. The cab moved slowly through traffic, picked up speed, slowed again to make a crossing. The fire in Benie's hand burned more brightly than ever.

He ran from the cab to the front door of the house, found the key, got the door open and started up the stairs.

In the dark room upstairs Joe heard his brother's voice and was sure for that moment. When Benie came through the door, Joe backed away from him. He said, "Oh God, Benie. What did I do?"

"You did nothing. Look, you're just imagining things." Benie grasped at a straw, and said, "Remember when you were in hospital, how you imagined a lot of things?"

"I thought you tried to kill me. So I've tried to kill you." He was backing towards the balcony. Benie moved to stop him.

"I tried to kill you, Benie. I'm mad. I must be."

"That bump on the head," Benie told him, but Joe was running to the balcony railing. Benie flung himself after Joe. He caught Joe by the legs and Joe kicked him off and climbed onto the rail. He stood poised there a moment. Then he dived the three floors down.

They took Benie back to the hospital. He was out of his mind for two weeks, but they pulled him through. He lay in bed many weeks after that, with no brother to visit him, with the hell of a long lonely future ahead, when he thought of it.

When he was able to get about again, Benie moved from the room where he and Joe had lived. He kept Joe's things, though. At night in the new room, he used to talk to Joe.

Benie went back to his work under the streets of the city. He was given a new mate, a quiet young fellow who went around with a constant smile on his face. The smile made him look a little on the simple side, but he was anything but that.

He had heard the story of Joe and Benie, and he watched Benie. He was watching Benie the afternoon Benie picked up a lever and tried to break him with it.

They had to lock Benie up after that.

Duel of WITS

A woman was his weapon, but another man had the odds well in hand.

MARIE J. FANNING

HE had known Rhoda for the short space of a week, but their friendship had blossomed quickly. His arm was around her now, her head against his shoulder, as he remembered the night she had come to sit at his table in the cafe.

Last Friday it was. He had dropped in for a meal, as he often did before he wandered down to Joe's to have a game with the boys. He liked to take the early part of the evening leisurely. Later on there was usually business of some sort to attend to.

Fred had just brought his portehouse steak, thick and lightly done so that it rested in a rich, red gravy as his knife sliced its way through it.

He heard the quick tapping of her heels coming down the lamplight-covered floor behind him, and as she passed by his table, looking about her hesitantly, he had his first glimpse of her.

She was small, with brown hair that swung softly to her shoulders, and a face that had a china doll prettiness under its heavy make-up. Her dress was cheaply gaudy, but it did nothing to disguise a figure that could put Hollywood's sopranos to shame. She half-turned towards him,

and making her decision, she pulled out the chair opposite him and sat down.

She studied the man carefully. Then she must have felt him watching her, because she looked up and their eyes met.

"The steak's good," he told her, his mouth full.

"I don't feel hungry enough for steak. I think I'll have some meat."

"Just knocked off work?" he asked, to make the conversation lag.

"No, not to-night. That is—,"



With his arm still held in an unswerving grip that was riveted

she looked a little confused. "I lost my job yesterday," she finished up.

"Tough luck," he said sympathetically. "Shouldn't be hard to get another. What do you do?"

"Oh, factory work—packing, assembling." She shrugged her shoulders. "Most anything in that line but they're cutting down on it.

Shortage of materials they tell us."

He studied her silently for a moment, his jaws moving rhythmically over the steak.

"Might be able to help you," he said then slowly.

Her face brightened.

MISSIONARY'S EPITAPH

Here lies a missionary who
Begged savages no more to
SAY

On human flesh. A day or two
They fastened, then they got
fed up.

—T.W.N.

But it was several days before he actually talked business with her. They had to get acquainted first, he told her over the rim of his beer glass, and she'd laughed that high tinkling laugh. It wasn't until Wednesday that he had told her about Huck, and he had to tell her about Huck before they could really get down to business.

Huck, you see, was Mar's rival in every way. They had both started out on their respective careers as apprentices at the great organization of the underworld about the same time. Even then they were consciously running up against one another in a way that planned a good strong hate in them both. Later they had each decided to start out with their own little "company incorporated." That was when the real trouble started and they had repeatedly clashed ever since.

Huck could give Mar four inches and sixteen pounds, but that was neither here nor there. In their business a lot of things came first, like guile and guts and quick action, but mostly the latter. You had to be quick off the mark or someone else got there before you. That was what happened the time Mar got wind of the stuff that was being dumped on the wharf. He didn't know Huck had got the tip-off too and had all his arrangements made. No wonder he was mad when he arrived with his gang just in time to see Mar disappearing with the boys and the booty into the distance.

Huck hadn't let it pass. He had cornered Mar near the subway next day.

"You'll keep off my ground in future if you know what's good for

you," he had threatened darkly.

Mar had laughed and swaggered on his way.

From then on Huck had been doubly careful. But the war was on. They each had their long range spies and there was rarely a job they didn't both hear about sooner or later. Huck was clever, Mar had to hand it to him, but he himself was a jump ahead. Lately though, he'd felt something was slipping. He was even beginning to wonder if his spies were as reliable as they might be. There was the opal job, for instance, and the "color" struggle, and the bank transfer that needed split-second action. Mar knew nothing of them until it was too late. Something wrong somewhere, and he had to make certain of his information.

He could match his wits any day with that slyster, Huck. All right, he'd been clever enough to get it over him in recent weeks. Now it was his, Mar's, turn to take all the tricks.

Before he'd met Rhoda, he'd felt the pricking of an idea, but his chance meeting with her had seen it up.

She was just the type Huck always fell for. Small and pretty and pert, but most important of all, with a form that Huck wouldn't be able to pass. Not that Mar meant Huck to get any change at all out of the set-up. Oh no, he was interested in forms and figures himself for that matter, to such an extent anyhow that he wouldn't be handing over a neat little package to Huck.

All of which, of course, he explained to Rhoda, along with a lot of other things, but she just nodded closer and laughed that tinkling

laugh of hers that he liked so much.

"The longer you play him, the easier it'll be to get what we want," Mar told her. "I know Huck well enough by now and it's always been when he's been busy chasing a lot of skirt that his defenses have weakened."

He pulled her closer now as he asked:

"Sure you've got it all clear? It's so-morrow night you'll go down to Sol Jacob's place where he sits. You'll walk in and sit down at the table with him, just like you did that night with me, only this time it'll be an act, isn't it?"

Rhoda said "yes," but she was busy brushing a few flecks of powder off his shoulder. A little pang of misgiving made itself felt in him. In lots of ways she was like a china doll. He wondered if he was pinning too much faith on her shilly.

"What do you do next?" he asked, jerking her to a sitting position almost roughly.

She looked startled.

"Why I'd just sit down and I-and I make a bit of play until he notices me, and then I sorta tug along."

"That's right," Mar looked relieved. It was really quite simple. "Be sure you keep your eyes and ears open for what's going on. That's the whole idea. I've got to find out where they're getting their dope and who's playing ball with them on our side of the fence."

Mar felt a bit anxious again as he watched her setting off next evening, her heels tapping along the pavement, her gaudy dress hugging her closely. It'd be too bad if his plans went for nothing.

"That's mighty kind of you, seeing as you don't even know me."

"We'll, of course it just depends on what you are prepared to do. It wouldn't be factory work exactly."

She looked at him silently for a moment and he was surprised to see the deep, calculating look in her eyes. It almost her appearance completely.

Then she dropped her eyes and traced with her finger a pattern of egg yolk and Worcester sauce on the tablecloth.

"I wouldn't be too fancy," she said slowly.

He was so surprised, he almost chuckled aloud.

"My name's Mar. I have another one, but it's not important. What's yours?"

"Rhoda," she told him.

"Good. Now getting down to business, how about that steak after all?" She laughed, a high tinkling sound that was attractive.

From then on everything went smoothly.

She was back before midnight.

"How'd it go? What happened?"
Mat asked.

She snuggled at him and rubbed her head against his arm. Like a kitten she was.

"All right. Fell for it, he did. Took me up to his room for a drink. Then I told him I had to go 'cos my old mother was waiting me for me."

"Good," Max chuckled and gave her a little squeeze. "When are you seeing him again?"

"To-morrow afternoon. He's having a meeting of the gang at his place to-morrow night."

"He is, is he? That means something's coming up. Be sure you're near a firehole when it's on."

Blair felt much more confident. Rhoda had the right idea. He told the boys to stand by on Sunday night.

"There'll probably be something
big knocking us up."

It came all right. Rhoda tapped into their hideout around eleven, her eyes showing their first glint of excitement. Mike got up from his chair and went to meet her.

"They're going to crack the safe at Barton's Bond. There's fifty grand in contraband diamonds locked up. They're trying to make it two o'clock."

Mat gave a low whistle.

"Fifty grand? Hear that boys? Two o'clock. We'll be there at one." "I reckon it's outside," said Shorty Dales. "The cops'll be there drop around the show."

"We wouldn't have a hope," said
 Bert Scruthan.

"Fidd! What a bunch!" Mat said, turning back to look at them.

"Black and his boys can find the spark to tackle a man-sized job. I thought we could produce something better than a lot of miserable workmen."

The boys wriggled uncomfortably in their chairs and looked at one another in silence.

"All right. It's off, boys. PE do it on my own. I'm not going to say we had the chance to put one over Huck and his gang and let it go because we were scared."

"No one said they wouldn't be in," Sherry mumbled.

"I'm with you," said Square-head
late.

It was the biggest risk they'd taken, Mar had to admit it himself, as they stormed the building an hour later. There were moments when he thought they would have to give up. The police were as close as pins in a pad and a needed plenty of patience to wait for the right opening, but they got it. The rest was almost child's play. There was only one guard inside near the diamond display, and approached graily from the rear, it wasn't long before he was moving his feet on the floor. There wasn't a sound. They hadn't thought it possible anyone would get inside the building.

Mist planned the diamonds on his person. It was the usual routine—the split-up came later.

Getting out was a lot more difficult than getting in. Shorty went first and Mlat followed. But they were hardly around the corner of the building when the rangers started. Alarms were ringing, whistles blowing and three shots came in quick succession.

Mat and Shorty ran for it, their

heads down. They left the bedrooms behind them and when they'd gone a couple of blocks, they realized they'd made a clean sweep.

"The boys've capped it," Shorty said, passing heavily. He turned reproachful eyes on Mat in the darkness. "The job was too big, Bone."

"Keep your mouth shut. You're out of it, aren't you?"

But was worried. They had the diamonds, but they'd stirred up a hell of a lot of trouble. He knew the boys well enough and he wasn't

frightened of their squealing, but it made it a thousand times harder to keep the tracks covered.

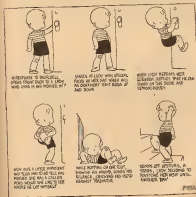
There was a note on the table when they got in.

"Dear Mat," it said. "Come quickly. 136 Barker Street. You won't be safe here. Have lot to tell you. Your loving Rhoda."

"Blue!" Mac said and gave it to Shorty.

"Where is the dam?" Short asked him.

¹⁰Must be the place where she's go



her room. Didn't ask her where it was. She must have got something fast. You hang around the neighborhood in case any of the boys got away. Warn them off. I'm going over."

"What yer goin' to do with the sonas?"

"Keep them on me, of course," Mat snapped. "It's safer than leaving them here."

Sherry shrugged his shoulders.

36 Barker Street was a two-storyed lodging house in a row of two-storyed lodging houses. There wasn't a light showing and Mat cursed as he scrambled up the wooden steps. How the hell was he going to find Rhoda's room? She should have told him. He would never feel safe in using her directly on a job. She snuffed on details. There was no getting away from it, she had her bright moments, but there was plenty

of sawdust served in behind that damn doll mask. Still she'd served her purpose this time.

He was groping around the keyhole when the door swung open suddenly and two pairs of powerful hands dragged him inside and closed the door again.

Mat could see nothing in the darkness. They had him by the arms and he had no show of getting out his gun. He was dragged along a narrow passage and into a room that was lit by two candles standing in tobacco tins on a table. A face glared at him from the far end of the table. It was Huck.

"So you thought you'd got me where you wanted me," he chuckled. "Hand over the stuff."

"Like hell!" Mat said through his clenched teeth, his face twisted with rage.

Huck marched to a man behind

him and with his arms still held in an unresisting grip, Mat was searched. He tried to struggle, but they pushed him across the head with a blow that knocked him silly. The diamonds in small, flat packets were distributed in his various pockets, and one by one they were thrown on the table. His gun went with them.

"Now we can have a little chat," Huck said, leaning forward over the table. "First of all, I must thank you for clearing this stuff for us. It saved us a lot of trouble and quite a few men. I suppose you know two of yours were winged and the others are cookin' their tomatoes in the coop."

Mat's face went gray, but he didn't speak. He was trying to figure out how he had walked into the trap.

"Kinda gone' to put your business overboard, ain't it, with the boys

locked up and the coppers skulkin' for the boss of the outfit?" Huck's mouth and lips spread into an ugly grin. "Not that the coppers will be gonna' much of you when we've had our pound o' flesh."

They had him, Mat knew. He'd never be able to look the boys in the face again. His only hope was Rhoda. Where was she? What had they done to her? They were turning his arms to his side when he heard it—a high, tinkling laugh, and it came from the next room. He started and his face turned red.

Huck chuckled.

"Hear that? That's Rhoda, the staunchest little pal I've ever had, and with one of the smartest brains in the gang. Can count on her to carry out her jobs to the letter. She's a bright gal, Rhoda."

Mat slumped in the chair but his face was an expressionless mask.

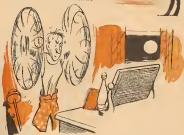


BE A MAN!



THE HAYLES ACADEMY.

We have all seen these ads. "I will make you a muscle-bound giant in twenty-one days." "What has King Kong got that you haven't?" or "Make Superman a City." It is all so simple. Why haven't we done it before?



Some inexpensive equipment and a book of simple rules—and in three short weeks—but why not repeat the instructions three times and do it in one week?



Down, a new day, and a new man. A girl that your vertebrae seems to be dislocated in three places, your ribs have come adrift, and your wrist has already affected your left leg.



We'll at least the girls are looking at you now! But somehow, it just doesn't seem to be the right sort of look.



But perseverance, will-power, and grim determination are all that are required. Try, try, try again—ouch!



OH HECK! Why not be comfortable and depend upon your personality!

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



WOMEN need greater protection than men from radiation, whether they are atomic energy workers, nurses and technicians helping give radium and X-Ray treatments, or girls in sweet businesses using X-Rays to check on box fillings. The warning has been given by Dr. Egon Lorenz, National Cancer Institute biophysicist, in America. Cancer of the ovaries is the hazard faced by women working with penetrating radiations in atomic energy production or in X-Ray laboratories. The working use of the woman with such radiations should be reduced or the permissible dose of radiation decreased.

The "dose" of radiation considered safe for workers is one-tenth Roentgen per eight-hour working day.

A NEW machine, something like the one long used for paralytic victims, is now helping doctors of a large New York hospital to cure tubercular cases that are hopeless under standard treatment. The patient is enclosed in the tank-like machine many hours a day for weeks or months and is taught actually to stop breathing, so that his chest does

not move at all. Pumps and valves in the machine supply his oxygen and remove waste products. The absolute rest thus given the lungs acts as a "light" for diseased tissues, giving them a chance to heal.

THE best method of treating a cold, and the cheapest, is to stay in bed. Fatigue runs down the acid nasal secretions which do all the good work, and rest quickly restores them.

USED in powder form or mixed with food, a protein extract derived from human hair has been used in the treatment of persons suffering from malnutrition, according to Dr. Hans Wilhelm Bann of Hamburg, Germany. Dr. Bann reported that he had for some time been supplying the German food ration with this extract. The extract, known as cystin, is mixed with other foods, such as dress, and is added to being a nourishment, is useful in helping to repair blood deficiencies that are caused through lack of protein.



Another proof that you cannot possibly find crime detectors any more

CRAIG RICE

the KILLER ate NUTS

Mrs. Dorothy McCready had been reading a mystery novel when she was brutally murdered.

And within an hour, police officers were listening to that so-familiar phrase, "Everybody loved Dorothy. No one would have had a reason to murder her."

Dorothy McCready was a widow, in her 40s, though her friends agreed she didn't look it.

But Dorothy McCready was not the type to argue. For over thirty years she'd been with the Frederick Fisher family, in Hackensack, New Jersey. Most of that time she'd been the private secretary to Fisher himself. After his death—a few months before the tragedy—she'd become social secretary to Mrs. Fisher.

It was the 1st of May, 1945. Mrs. Fisher was worried. Dorothy always arrived at the Fisher home promptly at nine, shared coffee with her employer, and took down the morning's dictation. The coffee tray with an

usual two cups was at Mrs. Fisher's side, but Dorothy hadn't shown up, nor had she telephoned.

At quarter to ten Mrs. Fisher, now really concerned, called her daughter and said, "Telephone Dorothy and see what is keeping her."

A man's voice answered, "Is Dorothy McCready there?" There was a brief silence, then the phone was hung up at the other end.

Several hours passed. At last, in desperate anxiety, Mrs. Fisher's daughter telephoned a friend and neighbor of the missing woman and asked her to see if anything had happened.

Something had. Murder. Dorothy's McCready's body lay on the floor of the living room, dead only in a man's neglect. She had been bloodgorged to death. A trail of blood led to the vestibule.

A book—a murder mystery—on the floor.

"Here's a funny thing," one of the

officers said. "Salted peanuts. Look."

"Easy to understand," the other officer said. "She was lying in bed, reading a mystery novel and nibbling salted peanuts when the killer came in." He thought that over. "In other words, she was wide awake. She would have heard the murderer come into the house."

But Dorothy McCready had no memory.

And still another curious circumstance. The medical examiner fixed the time of death at somewhere near midnight. Yet at ten o'clock on the morning of May 1, a man's voice had answered Dorothy McCready's telephone. What?

Detective Attorney Walter Warner set about finding who might have wanted to murder her.

That answer seemed to be—no body.

Money? She had inherited about a hundred thousand dollars.

Just plain robbery? Dorothy McCready almost never carried much money in her purse, which had been found empty near her body.

However, a handprint was laid a week for Dorothy for years told a striking story. Something—he didn't know what—that had happened within the past few weeks had made her nervous and upset. She had purchased a revolver, and kept it in her room.

A neighbor's testimony bore out DeCraw's story. She too told the police that Dorothy McCready had been worried about something.

And a week before her murder she had had all the beds changed on her house. The neighbor added, she had refused any explanation.

The killer had entered through a living room window, then unlocked the bedroom door to make his escape.

The available clues finally boiled down to the man's voice answering Dorothy McCready's telephone the morning of May 1, the reports of a prowler and—salted peanuts on the floor.

It didn't take long for the police to locate the mysterious prowler. In fact, they located three.

The first was an insurance salesman, living in a Hackensack hotel. A dozen witnesses were willing to swear he was the man who had been snatching Dorothy McCready.

His story was simply that he didn't consider himself more annoying than his job required. Dorothy McCready had been mentioned in buying an annuity, and he had called on her often.

Mrs. Fisher's daughter listened to his story, but couldn't identify it as the one she had heard over the telephone.

Neighbors of Dorothy McCready did identify him as a man they had seen walking away from the pleasant little white house at about ten o'clock on the morning of the discovery of the body.

The second "prowler" was a boy with a police record as a "peeping Tom." He had been around the house that night.

The third "prowler" was an ex-convict, who had been looking to the town looking for a friend who might help him find a job. His story checked.

The autopsy had shown that Dorothy McCready had been eating salted peanuts at the time of the murder.

But—the sack of peanuts was on the bedtable—and nuts had been scattered on the floor.

Could Dorothy McCready have had a handful of peanuts in her hands at the time the murderer surprised her?

"Women don't eat peanuts that way," Detective Orzechus said.

The officer had a theory.

The murderer had entered the house, gone upstairs and straddled Dorothy. Then he had stood for a moment, wondering what to do next. He'd seen the sack of peanuts and automatically grabbed a handful. Suddenly he'd known what his next step must be, and had spilled most of the peanuts on the floor. The rest, he would have slipped into his pocket.

All the police had to do now was to find a suspect who had a passion for salted peanuts.

The clothes of the three suspects already held for questioning were examined. No peanuts.

Everyone who had ever had any contact with the murdered Dorothy McCready was interrogated regarding a special fondness for salted peanuts. Still no peanuts.

Finally, Detective Orzechus found himself in a little house not far from the white house in which Dorothy McCready had been killed. It was a desolate little place—obviously a bachelor establishment.

Orzechus and his assistant carried out armfuls of clothes, not for the laundry nor the dry cleaners—but for the police laboratory.

"Look for peanuts!" Orzechus said. He hardly needed to add, "And, bloodstains."

The answer was, "yes."

A few more questions had to be asked of DeCose, the helpful handyman. He was found in a local pool room and brought in to headquarters.

Detective Orzechus directly accused him. "You told us Mrs. McCready was afraid of a prowler. You've known her for fifteen years, you've been a good friend to her. Why didn't you tell her who she was afraid of?"

As DeCose stammered, Orzechus went on relentlessly, "You didn't, because the prowler was you. You'd been stealing from her, and she knew it. That's why she had the locks changed on the doors. That's why she bought the gun. But you might have gotten away with it, if you hadn't taken a handful of salted peanuts—"

DeCose confessed.

"I'd been drinking. I wanted some money. I thought I could find some in her pocket-book. I got into the house through the window and then I was scared. She had that gun."

"I sneaked up the stairs. She was in bed reading a book. I hit her. When I got her down to the living room, I put her on the floor. I found her pocketbook and took \$25."

He paused. "I tried to wash her face. She'd always been a good friend to me. Nobody would have wanted to kill her."

Police released the three suspects. The mysterious telephone voice? They are convinced that Arthur DeCose pointed to the scene of the crime in hopes of finding more money.

His sentence was death.

He might have gotten away with it—if it hadn't been for salted peanuts!



"They're a mystery for my wife. She's expecting a week now!"

ARE YOU BUILT FOR SPEED OR COMFORT?



RAY HEATH

You're born that way, and your figure indicates the strength and weakness of your internal organs.

"I WISH," Maria says, "that I was about two inches taller, and could lose about half a stone."

"Don't be silly," says John, who himself is two inches taller, and does weigh about half a stone less. "Tall girls have such a terrible time—don't I just know how hard it is to get a dancing partner!"

"Maybe," Maria returns, "but don't you look the least bit elegant? You can get away with the most dramatic looking dresses with your figure."

And on that basis they judge their figures. A matter of how they appeal to men, or how easy or hard they are to dress.

They don't have the problem on their own. Jones, in the club, prods Smith playfully in the paunch. "Striking on a bit of fat, aren't you, old boy?" he asks. "Preening, good living, eh?"

But Smith massages his brow and sighs. "I'd like to lose a few, Jones. Summer heat plays hell with me.

Too much weight to carry around. Can't run like I used to."

"Who wants to run?" demands the lean Jones. "Extra weight gives you a reserve, I always say."

The logical next step is for Maria to go on a diet of orange juice for breakfast, coffee-and-cigarrette for lunch, and orange juice and cigarette for dinner, so that she can bounce she lost five pounds in eight days.

"And," she adds triumphantly, "I feel better than ever!" Which seems to prove everything.

But neither Maria nor her tall girl friend seems to realize that weight is not a matter of diet, and figure can't be controlled by stopping one thing or starting another.

Active all, this Maria now. If you boiled all the fat and flesh off her bones, a medical man would be able to tell from her skeleton that she was a fat and happy girl—because what covers her bones is only a small part of the story that goes to make up her figure.

Her skeleton, with its wide, round ob-ange, is the first determining factor in the kind of figure she will have; and inside that bony structure, every important organ of her body will be strong or weak according to how it is housed.

For example: her tall girl friend has a long, narrow rib-cage, and has long, large lungs; Maria herself, has short, small lungs. And this is very important, for the girl friend's lungs are capable of holding more air than they normally need, and when she breathes the air does not blow in and out of all the lung space she has. Maria, because her lungs are small, does not habitually breathe in a good over-supply of oxygen to burn all the food she eats, and the excess food accumulates as fat and may have something to do with the quantity of flesh she carries. Certainly she has a fine, healthy pair of lungs, and they work regularly all the time; all their internal area is in use all the time—but her girl friend, whose lungs don't work as well, because they are too big, will probably find that her lungs are actually weaker than Maria's. And then she becomes, from perfectly natural internal causes, more susceptible to tuberculosis.

Take a look, now, at another aspect. The thin Jones has a heart—so has the fat Smith. But Jones's heart hangs dependent with a long, elastic aorta (the great main vein that supplies blood). The squat, fat Smith has a short, wide aorta. Jones possibly will never suffer from arterial disease; if he survives the tubercular menace he is likely to live forever; it is estimated from surveys that at least half of the very old people are of his type. But Smith, heavily built, appears to have with his stockiness a predisposition to arterial trouble and high blood-pressure.

So in the case of Maria and her girl friend, and in the case of Jones and Smith, it is easy to see that external figure has little to do with the basic truth—that these folk differ in their internal "figure" or build, as much as they do in all appearances. And how much flesh they can carry on their bones does not change their predisposition to tuberculosis or heart disease. This is "built into them" by the very shape of their bodies.

The thing goes much further. When Maria talks of dining, she does so all unaware that her type of figure has its type of digestive tract. The tall girl friend's stomach is long and sloping; the outlet of the stomach, the pylorus, is held high by a strong ligament, and there is some mechanical difficulty in getting a meal passed up from the low-hanging stomach out into the intestines. For the same reason (that the abdomen is long and narrow and the walls of the abdomen are thin) this lass is likely to suffer from sagging intestines. Indigestion, constipation, and such troubles, may come her way.

Maria, with a round, stout abdomen, has her stomach held high, and it empties easily. She can enjoy her food, and the fact that she stores herself to reduce will not do her any good; but the tall girl friend, with her predisposition to stomach weakness, may make even mere trouble by overloading her stomach in a vain effort to "put on some condition."

The same parallel between fat and thin goes on—it is according to ponder upon, this fact that the struc-

ture and strength of the natural organs matches the figure.

The fat and the thin have little to envy. Mawa, being small and well padded, may suffer from heart; the lean girl friend is more likely to suffer from stomach; the fat Smith may get diabetes; it will be the lean Jones who gets tuberculosis. Each figure has its strength and weakness, its danger and chance.

All these physical peculiarities reflect in the mentality of the person, in the outlook and personality.

The thin Jones, having long and slender muscles and a poorly supported digestive tract, tends to rise early. But he may be as ambitious as anyone else. He may not have the strength to carry out his programme of ambition—and then he becomes melancholy and dissatisfied. The heavy Smith has already been called "prosperous-looking," and this may well be true, simply because his build enables him to accomplish his tasks easily.

All of this is, of course, general—and you may not have a great deal of difficulty in finding exceptions to these statements. Well, that is natural enough, because of all the other factors that enter in: that is to say, although the well-padded type, like Mawa, is normally unlikely to get consumption (on account of her lung structure) she may at some time become exposed to infection and get a part the same; and the thin type like Jones, whose heart should stand up to normal pressure for decades, may strain himself, and never know—until the doctor shakes his head and says, "Well, it's the heart, I'm afraid, old man."

Lots of factors go to make up the

result, the final result that is the person. This article is interested in giving something like a reasonable attitude towards your weight and size. It is interested in people understanding the fact that their "figure" is internal as well as external, and in the fact that, if they know this, they have a chance of living the life they are best suited to live according to their build.

How stupid, for example, that the fat Smith, knowing that he is predisposed to heart trouble, takes up heavy gymnasium work and puts an excessive strain on his unaccustomed body, to "oueat off the fat"—and in the process weakens his heart. Just as stupid that Mawa's lean girl friend, predisposed to stomach trouble, overfeeds herself in a vain effort to stack on curves.

It may be a wiser thing to advise thin people that, generally speaking, they have not the staying power and endurance of more generously built folk—therefore they can live their lives accordingly. They can benefit a lot by realizing that, if they eat after meals, they are aiding a stomach which is predisposed to weakness, to do its job with their food.

The fat fellow, Smith, might learn that he need not eat like a horse simply because "everything agrees with him"; he might realize that it will do him good to walk instead of taking a train, because this exercise can keep him limbered up without straining his heart; and it might be useful to them to know in advance, that threatened with blood pressure, heart weakness, and so on, they can live the kind of life that will prevent these troubles occurring.



"Please be more careful, Miss Riley. I've just spent 30 minutes on the 'phone talking to myself."



TRAMPS of the AIR

Bombastians of yesterday are the foundation members of tonight flying.

THE townspeople had levelled off the paddock as well as they could and tinned the cows out.

A small boy marched importantly up and down calling out, "Two guineas. Come on—come as a house! Have your first flight!"

The crowd hung back till a woman dragged her children up to the plane and announced cheerfully, "We'll go—but all of us together. If I'm going to die they might as well die with me!"

It was in the early twenties. Up and down Australia the "barnstorming boys" were bringing their planes to the country towns. Most of them had come back from the war with daze flying apparatus whetted and now they were determined to live and grow with planes.

The fuel air flames, the inefficient spluttering engines and lack of all potential replacements were no deterrent.

The Civil Aviation Board was not formed till 1922 and regular air ser-

vices were still a dream. There was no one to veto a trip and their headquarters moved at a whim. Barnstorming replenished funds quickly. They were fun.

But charter work was their real initiation into commercial flying.

In Bendigo (Vic.) a card in an office window announced the "Morris Air Service." The boy behind the counter told you that Howard Morris had his planes parked on the edge of the town and would fly you anywhere, anytime, and carry anything that would fit in the plane.

Howard Morris was only twenty. He, too, had found that overhead expenses were terrific and the public was more too willing to support a means of transport which seemed as risky as the planes in the field at Bendigo. Certainly he'd fly anywhere, anytime—for a price. It was a costly business, this early charter flying.

Morris began his charter flying in areas round Melbourne, Bendigo and

occasionally across to South Australia. Woolbayers were his biggest clients—men who were prepared to pay out high money if it meant getting to a wool sale ahead of their rivals.

Even a thirty mile trip wasn't all beer and skittles. Ineffective lubrication could bring the little plane down as often as nine times in the distance. Piston finding was by landmarks only, and getting lost was a common experience. Farms looked alike in the rural districts of Victoria and a church tower on a hill might be the only indication that the town was the right one. Time and again the pilot tended to check his bearings.

Ingenuity and quick thinking were essential in those days. Forced landings were so much routine that landing grounds were unconsciously photographed on their beams should fuel or engine give out.

A girl had asked for a flight to 3,000 feet. Morris took her without questions. As he levelled out at 3,000 feet he turned to say, "Here we are!"

The girl was already scrambling out of her seat to jump! In a split second Morris nudged the plane down and the girl was thrown back into the cockpit. She looked hysterically round and round again, but once more Morris was too quick.

Her third attempt made him clutch her frantically, and he brought the plane down one-hand and held the sobbing girl down with the other. She'd been crowd in love.

Morris started an air ambulance service in 1929, flying in the outback, up in the Kimberley—N.W. Australia areas. He answered pedal radio calls up past Wyndham and Fitzroy,

and flew nurses and doctors to emergency cases. He flew over the lonely vastness of cattle stations that looked so alike from the air, watching for a bonfire or a sheet on the ground.

To-day Morris grim about the 4-foot snake he found curled up in his cockpit one day as he flew off from Castlemaine and the struggles to win the public's support.

In the discarded Royal Navy airfield at Bankstown (Sydney) he will run his service, taking off for emergency calls ten minutes after a message comes through, operating a charter service, ambulance and flying school, and saving to buy more planes—because "I love 'em."

The greatest demand on charter services is still from bookies, the press, and doctors for emergency cases—and a steady carriage of corpses. New charter companies—and there are now many of them, have planes continually kyped for a take-off.

It's a costly business chartering a plane to fly a rat or bark 300 miles, but it can be, and has been, worth it.

There have been some odd demands, especially during the war, when Americans stationed out here heard of these little companies that would send off a plane at a moment's notice.

"I wanna take off in half an hour for California to see my gal for the week-end," one hopeful said. "But I gotta be back here on duty on Monday!" That being Friday. The charter pilot explained that that was a bit off the beaten track for his Puss Moths and Ansons.

"Gee," sighed the disappointed Yeak, "I thought you'd do anything."

Most of the charter men do extra-ordinary work only, for their planes aren't built for long trips over the sea.

One company, the brain child of ex-S/L Bryan Monckton, hopes to take it on. Flying boats had been Monckton's specialty in the Pacific during the war. He ferried Martin Mariners out from Alaska afterwards. To start a flying enterprise of his own he bought five Sunderland Mark III flying boats through war disposals.

He had dreams of a world air freight company—a charter service that would operate all over the world, especially the Pacific. Islands in the Hibrids and Solomons were linked with Australia only by an uncomfortable ten-day boat trip. Mail service was infrequent and unsatisfactory and fresh food and medical supplies were the greatest lack. If only Monckton could set up an air service that would undertake to carry passengers to these outlying spots of the normal air route.

Monckton teamed up with Canadian Douglas Lindsay. Lindsay had experience in charter flying and a sound knowledge of planes. He began in the Arctic eighteen years ago. He was eighteen then, with those old-type planes, fifteen hours' solo flying time up and a murmur for adventure.

For three years he traded backwards and forwards from the Arctic to Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba bringing the rich loads of furs and fish back from the trappers to the wholesalers. Time and again blizzards and frost bite caught him, but he kept his charter service alive—the first of its kind above

the circle. At twenty-one he crossed to England and joined GILLEYS, at that time the biggest air charter service in Europe. Here he learned from the ground that he broke out, and then the British Air Ministry sent him back to Canada as planning engineer for the British bomber base there.

He and Monckton began fitting up the planes—some to carry passengers, others passengers and freight and some freight only—contracted agencies in the Pacific and put Trans-oceanic on a business footing. It is still in its swaddling clothes, but they are learning fast every trip.

This flight they might carry fresh vegetables and mannaneries to the Solomons, but next trip a band of wealthy Chinese merchants might charter the plane to fly from Suva home to Hong Kong. They've carried simple things like rat bushes to bring a nostalgic touch of home to some plantation garden, and they've more spectacularly collected patients for rash operations from remote islands. They operate on a go-as-you-ill basis with some trips days between trips, sometimes weeks.

But there have been plenty of boats to offset difficulties. The island governments have been their greatest supporters and their backing has been given wholeheartedly to a service that will mean so much to the plantation people and so familiar travelling home.

These are just some of the companies. Over the years the men of the charter services have given color to Australia's air history—flying with no regularity, but just as Trans-oceanic the Air.



"Just jumping . . . I hear someone coming!"



FLOOR PLAN



Modern and Medium-Sized

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 36)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

A semi-modern appearance that is in keeping with present day trends characterizes Cavalcade Home Plan No. 36. The house is planned for a city level block of land and is of one storey, which is the most popular arrangement for the small to medium-sized Australian home. This is distinct from most other countries, where almost every home of more than three rooms is split up into two floors.

This is a three-bedroom home with rooms of a size that is now considered generous, especially when, as in this case, built-in wardrobes are provided.

From the entrance porch one walks into a small entry which is screened from the living room by a convenient coat cupboard. The living



and dining rooms are one, but their shape makes a definite division and separates the room for its two functions. There is a wide modern fireplace set right back in the wall in the living room and it is around this that the scheme of interior decorating and furnishing would develop.

The three bedrooms are grouped around the bathroom, which is equipped with a separate shower room—this is essential in a three bedroom house. Each bedroom is fitted up with a roomy built-in wardrobe which could also include drawers.

The kitchen is immediately behind the dining room, with direct service through a sliding panel. The equipment in the kitchen is the most modern available and is arranged so that the various processes of food preparation, cooking and serving, can be carried out in logical sequence.

From outside the kitchen is approached across a covered porch, which also gives access to the laundry.

The plan is such that if a permit for the full building is not forthcoming the living and dining rooms may be temporarily omitted and the main bedroom used as a living room until the restrictions now in force are eased.

The maximum frontage required to accommodate this home and leave car access on the extensive site is 50 feet. The building cost at \$150 0.0 per square would be \$2,420 0.0.



The A.M.P. Society's Home Purchase Plan

THE A.M.P. Society's Home Purchase Plan affords you the opportunity to secure a home of your own by easy and safe means. Briefly, this is how the Society's plan works:

● **THE LOANS.** Substantial proportions of the Society's Valuations are granted as loans towards the purchase or auction of suitable brick, brick veneer, weatherboard and fibro-cement houses in approved localities.

● **EASY TERMS.** Loans may be repaid by fixed monthly instalments which include principal and interest. These repayments extend over a long term of years, according to the class of security, but should be completed before the age of 65.

● **LIFE ASSURANCE PROTECTION.** The borrower is required to lodge with the Society as collateral security a policy for at least half the amount borrowed, but in order

to ensure that the home will be free of debt in the event of his untimely death, the Society advises every applicant to lodge a policy for the full amount of the loan. Policies already in force may be used for this purpose.

● **NO VALUATION FEES.** No charge is made by the Society under this scheme for the inspection or valuation of property.

● **LEGAL COSTS.** Costs of preparation of the necessary Mortgage Deed are borne by the Society, the borrower being responsible only for out-of-pocket expenses such as search fees, registration and other fees incidental to the mortgage.

If it is your ambition to secure a home of your own, call and discuss the matter in detail with the Society's officers at the nearest A.M.P. office or ask your nearest A.M.P. Representative to call upon you.



AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: 51 FIFTY STREET, SYDNEY.



Cavalcade's Picture Story

A Girl with 365 DATES

ZOE MAZERT'S life is spent turning lippy high-school girls into the highly sophisticated beauties glimpsed in the following pages; she is not a beautician or a plastic surgeon. This she does with brush and paint, producing a kind of airy-to-look-at illusion for something like \$1,300 a time. Zoe is an artist; her name is unknown to the world, but her work (much of it unsigned) has more followers than Salvatore Dali. And rightly so, when you see her work.



FOR this sort of thing Zoe is often her own model, peering from her reflection in a full-length studio mirror. Hundreds of times she has painted herself, with variations. And if you're going to be your own model, you have to be something of an actress—for the colorful costume pictures so popular in her line of work. Zoe Mozart dresses the part. Her studio is littered with costumes that she has worn while posing for one of her own pictures.



BUT a good model is preferable, and Zoo finds it best to work from a high school girl of 16 or 17, with an unsophisticated face and a lean, youthful figure. "Then you get the freshness and the youthfulness into your work," she says, "and that is what makes girl drawings popular." The young model posed for this photograph is 14, works after school, and will figure on a wide-circulation calendar for 1948. Many of the school-girls used by Miss Havert have become models, mannequins, through their first appearance on the calendar.





PAINTING does not stop at the usual and the female form drives, and carves. Energetic calendar-designer Mazart has a happy time freshening up her studio furniture, repainting the lacquer furniture in her Californian home, and generally proving that there isn't much with paint and brush that she can't do. Zoe says fame and fortune don't often go together. She hasn't got the fame—but she's doing all right, thanks, creating girls with 365 doses a year, to decorate all sorts of calendars.

TO Zoe Mazart painting is work. It is also hobby. Away from calendars she does magazine illustrations, advertising art work, and paintings for motion pictures. You know—in a movie you see an interior of a room. There is a painting on the wall. The painting is not something pulled out of the property room. It is something designed and painted to harmonize with the rest of the room. For such purposes Hollywood is always looking for artists. Zoe Mazart does much of the work. But for a hobby—out of doors she paints landscapes.



Study by Rags

Evening Out



June said, "Be sure to call at eight,
And don't be late
I hope
To miss the opening dance,
Or miss a chance
To see the lovely gown,
And trousers
Of girls who find their dress
(Exclusive as they thought)
Was also bought
By others who, to their own deep distress,
Have all worn that same dress
Tonight
I thought, at nine fifteen
I'd seen
How late an early girl could be
But I had more to see,
And nothing at all to say
When she
Decorously
Said, at nine forty, "Am I very late?"
And, "Do you like my dress?"
I must confess
I had to look her over twice to see
With any certainty
She wore a dress of all
And then I thought the wisp was sure to fall
If she so much as took a step
At ten
We started in to dance with pep
(The dress, it didn't fall at all)
At one,
When most of our high stepping had been done
She said I was a very potent dear
To hear
Her bring late and not to raise at all.
And I
Was fairly high
And liked her even more. The ball
Had been delightful—but I knew in my heart
That now the dance was over the night
Would really start
In the taxi
She
Said confidentially
"Still like my dress, my own?"
I said,
With slow nod of the head,
"I like you for yourself alone."

Merris McLess



GIRL

on the PAVEMENT

JOHN L. WERTON



She looked out of the window—then she was dead on the pavement. Did she fall?

NOW there was nothing wrong with Miss Cheshire that could be detected by the naked eye—nothing at all.

Miss Cheshire had precisely what it takes to get exactly what you want; she had it in the right place, and in just the right quantity. Moreover, she knew how to present it to the best advantage.

There is a very old argument as to whether women dress to appeal consciously to the baser instincts of the male, or whether they dress simply to obey the dictates of fashion,

without realizing what well-chosen foundation garments and figure-revealing clothes actually generate all too often in the masculine mind.

This argument remains unsettled; but there was little doubt among her male acquaintances that Miss Cheshire knew all the facts.

Hedcastle didn't care. Hedcastle never got as far as analyzing Miss Cheshire's motives. He was prepared to take things as he found them; and that, in Miss Cheshire's case, was new enough to the surface to save time and trouble.



He felt sick and staggered back into his room. His brow was clammy.

Hedcastle knew full well that when he and his Cheshire stopped out, men looked over their shoulders and stepped under speeding cars but didn't care. He knew that every eye that focused upon the resolute figure deposited from his arm was an envious eye, and he liked to be envied by his fellow men.

But there was something in the world even more desirable than Miss Cheshire, and it was Miss Penn. Hedcastle found it happier to think

of her as Gloria, and he was thinking of her very hard when Miss Penn telephoned him.

"Sweetheart," he said briskly "I am at the moment draped over my

coach, a webbed-out and badly used specimen of man. Year wear has battered me. It has given me strength now. In forty minutes from now I shall be pressing your fingers in the foyer of the Grandquest. So long."

The look on Hardcastle's face when he replaced the telephone receiver suggested that Miss Purn had expressed complete satisfaction. It also conveyed a subtle hint that Miss Purn had better look to whatever launch she had left.

That was at six-forty-five.

At six-fifty-five Hardcastle came out of the bathroom, and from the overalls he had given himself. He loosened a little more and poured himself a generous whisky, which he sipped as he dressed. He had only just reached the stage of pulling his first undergarments from the laundry when there was a gentle knock at the door.

Hardcastle put on his dressing-gown and opened the door. Miss Cheshire came into the room with a swagger, put her two hands on his shoulders, and leered against him while she crested up to kiss him. Hardcastle kissed her back as though it was the only thing in the world he wanted. He made it a long, long, clinging kiss; it gave her time to think. By the time Miss Cheshire had pulled herself reluctantly away from his embrace, he had completed the thought process.

"Magnificent lady," he said, "a drink."

He poured the drink. "Will you have it here, or in the bedroom while I dress?" he asked with seriousness.

Speaking through the bottom of the glass Miss Cheshire said she'd

say handy to the bottle, adding that Hardcastle would "keep." The time was seven-five.

At seven-ten Hardcastle came to the bedroom door and snatched the Cheshire legs while he tied his Windsor knot. He carefully pulled the knot up under his chin, put an expert finger inside his collar and settled the thing comfortably, and poured himself another drink.

"Speak, magnificent divinity," he commanded.

Miss Cheshire handed him her empty glass. "Fill that," she said.

Hardcastle, hiding his growing impatience, spoke as he poured the whisky. "You didn't drop in just for a drink?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "No, but I've set in a hurry for food," she told him.

Handing her the glass Hardcastle looked genuinely surprised. "Dinner?" he asked, "but why didn't you call me up first, darling? I'm terribly sorry about this—"

"You can't make it," Miss Cheshire's words were a statement; a blunt statement.

The worst being over, Hardcastle burrashed his self-confidence and fished it.

"I'm awfully distressed, darling," he said; "but that's exactly it."

"Who is she?" asked Miss Cheshire, summing a light nose and gazing with a little much concentration at her empty glass.

"It's not a she, or all," Hardcastle lied. "It's a—a thing."

"You don't say?" is Cheshire was unimpressed.

Hardcastle nodded. "Never more surprised in my life," he said. "A damn stone magnet. He wants three

million Christmas cards—can you imagine what a long line of Christmas cards that would be, laid end to end?"

"No," said Cheshire, "I can't. Any more than I can imagine what three million Christmas cards has to do with not finding me."

"Well," said Hardcastle easily, "this guy wants twelve different sorts, and he wants to talk to me about the designs for them. He wants rough ideas about themes—you know, a new way of striking the old note, and all that. He said he liked to decide those things over dinner. So that's that."

"I'm glad about the Christmas cards," Cheshire said. "They should pay you well—and you need money right now."

"I've got enough," Hardcastle said before her tone impressed him. "Why should I need money right now?" he demanded.

Cheshire looked at him and got to her feet. She stretched limberly, exhibiting the leanness of her waist and the generous proportions of her curves for his admiration. "Do you," she asked slowly, almost lightly, "see the happy glow of motherhood suffusing my large brown eyes?"

Upon which note she turned to wards the window. She stood alongside it, looking down upon the street below. She knew exactly the effect she had created. She did not trust herself to repress the smile that was quickening her lips. She gazed with absorption at the bulbs now can gliding noiselessly along the street, waiting for Hardcastle to speak.

"Are you sure?" he asked in a strengthened voice.

"People look funny when seen

from above," is Cheshire said irreverently. "Come and have a look."

Hardcastle came over to the window and let his arm rest round her shoulder.

"You don't seem very upset by the—news," he said. And then, finding this kind of thing a little difficult, he too gazed down into the street.

"There's nothing in the modern world money can't buy," Miss Cheshire opined, "there's no evil it won't cure. Aren't you glad about the Christmas cards, darling?"

Hardcastle's thoughts are his own. His eyes and mouth hardened as if to say, "Well, you gold-digging little bitch!" But he remembered what Mother's Day stood for and told, "What do you want—to get married?"

"That would be a rather nice answer," Miss Cheshire said. "I mean, if you really couldn't marry me, well, you could give me—"

Her words ended in a little gasp. She moved forward, threw out her arms, and then almost gingerly concentrated out of the window. Hardcastle saw a flurry of loosely shaken legs thrashing in a sea of scandalous and lace. Then he felt sick and staggered back into the room. His brow was clammy. The hand that poured the whisky was unsteady. He contemplated his position without any more satisfaction at all. What was the blindest occurrence of such a case as this? Was there any room for doubt at all about his

girl, having pushed her down to her death?"

The time was seven-ten.

The taxi did its best, but Hardcastle was late meeting Miss Parn. Gloria was sitting in the foyer with a very neat pair of legs crossed so that their shape was not lost, with a skirt which was calf-length when she stood up, but mysteriously couldn't manage to cover her dimpled knee when she sat down.

"Hardy old man," she said, "you're late."

Hardcastle followed through his line of thought. "Yes," he said, "I'm late. Beautiful business, though."

Gloria Parn looked at him and said, "Why, Hardy, my old bear, you're quite shaken up, aren't you?"

"Beautiful business, beauty," he muttered. "Let's go grab a drink, eh?"

They sat in the lounge and the waiter brought them two illicit beverages.

They eyed each other over the rim of the glasses before they drank, and Gloria said "cheers."

"Can you tell me," Hardcastle asked, sipping his drink, "why you can't buy a bottle of brandy without a doctor's certificate, but you can drink it ad lib in the pub?"

"And after hours, too!" Gloria said. "My, you drink quickly."

"But gosh, I needed that, after that beautiful business," her companion said.

"Well, you've been hitting at it darkly enough; it's probably so beautiful you'd better not tell me," she said.

Hardcastle considered this a moment. Then he gave. "You wouldn't want to hear about a woman jumping from a high building and spreading herself all over the

footpath, would you?" he demanded.

"Goodness, where?" she asked.

"Is this real, or is it an idea for one of your crazy stories?"

"It's real enough," Hardcastle said. "I only missed seeing it by a second."

"Where were you? Where did it happen?" she asked.

"Right outside my place," he told her. "Poor little devil. I went have been riding down in the lift when she jumped—" He stopped.

"Yes!" prompted Gloria Parn.

"I mean," he said, "I must have been riding down in the lift when it happened." He had suddenly remembered that if anybody else had been in the autumn lift when his Chateau went up to his fat—well, it wasn't indicated as a good thing to have witnesses that she was visiting him.

Gloria stopped talking about the scene. Hardcastle thought it was time to go in to dinner. Gloria kept chattering through three courses of food and a bottle of sparkling burgundy, and Hardcastle did his best to follow her talk with one lobe of his brain while he sorted out his problem with the other. Certainly, he decided, it was the best move to keep his appointment with Gloria Parn. And he had to keep on being normal—just upset enough to have seen something nasty . . . He could drink the rest out later . . .

He got up from the table. "Let's go some place and dance, eh?" he asked—"or on to a show?"

The better half of a bottle of sparkling burgundy hadn't helped Gloria, who was a forthright little creature anyway.

"You know," she said with thick



He remembered how she had been, hysterical and sprawling on the pavement

deliberateness, "I feel very laxy and comfy. Let's go to your place and have nice, cozy h'l drinks, eh?"

This was the kind of thing Hardcastle had dreamed about the very dream that put the boldness into his voice when he promised to meet her; but that seemed a long time ago.

"Seems a dull evening for a little ball of fire like you," he said. "After all, he thought, it might help his whole story to have her go up with him . . . but he must not seem uncertain."

"I'm not a h'l ball of fire," she said with the same thick, deliberate voice. "I'm a glow-worm: y'ought to see me in the dark!" She giggled, and winked knowingly. "Laxy h'l glow-worm," she teased, "take me up to your place and give me a glow."

"If that suits you I'd love to," Hardcastle said, realising suddenly that he wasn't particularly anxious of mood right then. He put her in a taxi and took her across town. She was on his arm when they went into the big block of city flats where he lived on the ninth floor. There was a caretaker in the foyer, reading a paper. He looked up as Hardcastle came in and said "Good evening, Mr. Bod now, eh?"

Hardcastle felt the muscles of his face flex. "What's that?"

"Sorry—don't you know, sir? Never mind now." He gave a meaningful glance at the girl. Hardcastle nodded and the lift door opened. Two people from the ninth got out and nodded to Hardcastle, cutting a

swift glance at the clinging Gloria.

Hardcastle took her upstair and unlocked her in. "There's the drink," he said. "Help yourself while I tatter out and look for some mail."

Gloria threw her hat and bag on an armchair and weaved her way to the cocktail cabinet. Hardcastle went down in the lift and said to the caretaker, "What's the news you mentioned?"

"Gut fell out of a window upstairs," he said.

Hardcastle didn't know whether to say he'd seen the girl—that would mark the time he went out. He made the plunge, however; he'd told Gloria. "Yes, I saw it as I went out," he said. "Who was she?"

"They're working on that now," the caretaker said. "Nobody seems to know her."

"Not a tenant then?"

"Positively. Probably visiting somebody—having a bit of an affair with one of the booksters—sorry, no offense, Mr. Hardcastle."

Hardcastle, whose affairs were astounded, guessed and shrugged. "O.K., Pete," he said. He was on his way up in the lift again, sorting over the new information, when he remembered he hadn't thought to ask for the mail. He couldn't very well go back.

Gloria was curled up on the lounge. She held a half-empty glass at a tipsy angle and squinted, smiling, at Hardcastle as he came back. She patted the lounge near where she sprawled, and patted her lips. Hardcastle sat down, took the glass from her, and put it on a coffee table. Then he kissed her.

When Gloria tipsily decided it was time to go and reached for her

handbag, she slipped back the catch and then, with a start, said "That isn't mine."

"What isn't yours?"

Gloria held up the handbag. "Another woman's, eh? Double-crosser."

"You ever made love to another man?" Hardcastle challenged. Gloria was too happy to be crushed. She shrugged and giggled. "You ought to know," she said. "You ought to be glad I had the experience."

She was standing, feet apart, before the long mirror, straightening the belt of her dress, trying to pull it back into its right line; she dropped the bag down on the dressing-table and went back to the lounge and found her own bag. When she came back Hardcastle was looking at it. His gaze was pondering. What else had he overlooked? He wandered out of the bedroom and glanced quickly across the lounge, but he could see nothing. Nothing hard to explain. He still held the handbag, and he thrust it into a cupboard. Gloria came out, a frown ruffling the smooth skin between her eyes.

"Whose bag was that?" she demanded.

Hardcastle took her in his arms and stroked her back. "Don't be jealous after such a lovely night, puppet," he said. "It was my mother's."

"Oh yeah?" Gloria said coarsely.

"Would you like to drop it into her in the morning?" Hardcastle asked. "Explain that you found it at half past two a.m. when you were getting respectable again?" He dropped his head and kissed her on the mouth.

"You beast," she said. "Give it to her yourself."

"What girl, eh?" Hardcastle said. "Now come along and we'll find a taxi."

He guided her out and put her into a taxi that cruised past. He paid the driver and mentioned the address Gloria Peters had given him. When he went upstairs again he suddenly felt blue. The problem hadn't been with him while Gloria was there; now he had nothing to do or think about. Nothing but the curious circumstances in which he had been suddenly placed.

The office occupied by Hardcastle at Perfection Productions was, in the official language of the place, a cube. A small, enclosed space furnished with a small bookshelf, a small desk on which reposed a reading lamp, a typewriter, an inkwell and pen stand, and a heap of paper. The top drawer on the right hand side held an orderly stack of clippings and calendars and greeting cards. The drawer below it held reserves of stationery, sketch pads and pencils.

This was the entire plant of the firm by two factory wherein Hardcastle made the plans and specifications for greeting cards, birthday cards, congratulatory cards, calendars, Christmas cards, and all the other useless bits of paper that people sent to other people as a sign of friendship.

The marble-jarbo of the business may not have been known to Hardcastle alone, but he was an adept at it. He apparently never did any work at all; but the rough sketches and the little verses tumbled out with a facile regularity, and the business

staff, the printing staff, and the boss, all shared a belief that some peculiar alchemy was involved in their production.

Hardcastle went into his cubicle and shut the door. He then shut the window because he didn't like draughts. He switched on the reading lamp, pushed his typewriter aside, tucked up the scribbling paper, and spread out the news.

The news said that Lady Chatterbox, 27, had been found dead on a promenade, that she had fallen from a high window, and that the police were investigating.

Hardcastle read the news. He continued to stare at the broadsheet open on his desk, but he did not read anything more. He had put a lot of faith in the newspaper; he expected splash headlines telling him the details of how the body was found; he expected some clue to what the police believed about the death; he fully expected to see a report that finished with "an early arrest is expected"—because, in his mind, it was more obvious that she had been pushed or thrown out of a window, whatever the truth might be.

Miss Murphy, coming in with the morning mail for him, noticed that Hardcastle had shaved badly, that his hair was only half combed, and that his face was drawn.

About this she said nothing—until she was outside again. "Hardy's been on a great bop," she told the girls. "The marks of an art all over his face—put them with a branding iron, I'd say."

Hardcastle would have been grateful for the thought; he had not even any warning as to how bedraggled

and all-kraps he really looked. And his thoughts contrasted to waze away from the matter of personal neatness as he gazed steadily at the speed sheet before him. He was thinking.

Presently he re-read the news about Lela Cheshire. He picked up a pair of scissors to clip it out, and then thought it would be a very foolish thing to do. He put the scissors down and threw the newspaper into the waste bin. Then he drew over a scribble block with some notes on it.

"Engagement card," he read, "five minutes."

He put his elbow on the desk and rifled his fingers through his hair.

"Oh, hell!"

He allowed his head to rest on his hand. What in the name of heaven would you print neatly on a beautiful card that could be sold commercially for sending to newly-engaged couples?

Lily he scribbled, "I've taken my fun where I found it—and now I'll scribble down." He giggled at the idea, and scratched the pencil through it. He thought that the truth on some of these engagement cards would be funny, if not altogether controversial. A nice little ivory board with the neat copperplate inscription: "The last guy wouldn't have her—why you?" Yes, he decided, that'd be a definite line for candid cards. Dream it all, they had candid cameras, didn't they? Kipling's line came up again in his mind. "I've taken my fun where I found it, and now I must pay for my fun . . ."

"I must pay for my fun . . . I must pay for my fun . . ." The words kept swarming themselves in Hardcastle's mind. He pushed his chair back and lit a cigarette. Sud-

dently and very vividly he remembered the horribly spawny figure on the pavement last night, the steady melange of green silk and lacy underthings and the grossly twisted silicon limbs distorted by the force of the fall. He picked up the scribbles, tore off his useless notes, and balled them vacuously in the palm of his hand. He opened the bottom drawer and pulled out a half-empty whisky bottle, and a messy glass. His hand shook as he poured the raw spirit into the glass—two fingers of it—and tossed it down. It burnt through him. He corked the bottle and put it back in his desk. The twisted body was still before his mind's eye, and between it and him Gloria Peron's coal face with its baby dimples and wide eyes, and a round, bare shoulder, seemed to hover. He threw away his half-smoked cigarette and lit another.

The jangling of the telephone bell made him jump. His nerves were certainly in a state. He gazed at the instrument—only yesterday he had spoken to Miss Cheshire on it with some feeling of pleasure—as if it were a thing of horror. He did not pick it up until it jangled again. When he spoke into it his voice was a croak.

"Greetings to see you, Mr. Hardcastle," said the girl.

"Who is he?" Hardcastle asked.

The trillity of the witch-girl's voice in his ear did a little to steady him.

"There are two of them; I don't know their names," the girl said.

"Sit them down," he said, and jerked the sweeper back onto its book.

There was no doubt at all who was being shown to a seat in the reception



Miss Johnson entered the library and, viewing the door easily, came over to him

room. Two of them. Hardcastle knew very well the sort of men who went around in pairs. And now they were sitting in the reception room. He paced his small cubicle. What was he going to say to them? Perhaps he could ask them to come back—"the old stall," he used to call it, when he was out to La Cheshire or to Margerie Laulle, or to Gloria Pizarra. Yes, he'd try to give them the old stall.

He reached out for the telephone to tell the switch girl a fiery tale, and there was a discreet tap on his door. A moment later the door

opened. Hardcastle's throat went dry.

Two small, gay men stood in the doorway. They might have been two of the seven dwarfs, but they certainly weren't pokerners.

"May we come in?" asked the barker of the two in a small voice. Hardcastle heard himself saying automatically, "Certainly, certainly. Won't you sit down?"

The speaker sat down on the only guest chair the cubicle possessed. Hard-

cute seated the second little man should sit in his own chair. Then he showed himself for a moment and moved to the reception desk.

"Why the blazes did you send those men down?" he demanded.

"The switch-girl-receptionist looked up from her novel. "Didn't you say send them down?" she asked idly.

"No, I said sit them down—those—in those chairs there! But it's too late now. Keep your eyes open next time," he fumed, and went back to his visitors. Thank god the girl's mistake hadn't been serious. Next time it might be two others, bigger, younger men, and then the mistake would be bad.

By the way Hardcastle remained in his office he had composed himself to discuss whatever business the two devils had in mind. He managed to get some business into his voice as he put the "what can I do for you?"

"My name," answered the holder of the two, "is Macnath. I am the president of the city home of the Country Orphans' Society."

Hardcastle started nervously to rehearse a little speech which refused a donation to this good cause. He covered the pause by offering cigarettes which the elderly gentlemen refused with some gentle reproachfulness of manner.

"We thought you might like to be informed," Mr. Macnath said, "that one of your—er—excellent little notions has been of very great encouragement to our movement."

He paused expectantly.

Hardcastle's eyebrows and greeting cards had never before received this appreciation; he was more surprised than surprised, but his mind turned

over the matter unusually quickly.

"How do you know it's mine?" he asked.

"We made enquiries of the management, by mail," Mr. Macnath answered.

"And now—?" Hardcastle's voice continued a query.

"We have a home for Country Orphans out in what might be described as the near-bushland," Mr. Macnath said deliberately. "Some people might prefer to say the outer suburbs, but I believe it is more accurate to describe the district as the near bushland. Forty males out . . ."

Forty males out, to Hardcastle, was the backblock. "And—?" he prompted.

"And we are having a sports day, Mr. Hardcastle; and we believe that you might consent to present the prizes to the orphans."

Hardcastle was staggered.

"What?" he asked in a common, non-committal voice.

"To present the prizes to the orphans!" exclaimed Mr. Macnath, as if repeating an obvious fact for a partially deaf old lady.

Hardcastle had to find a soft way of saying no, and this demanded a moment in which to find the right phrase.

"Why no, my dear sir?" he asked. "Surely that motto isn't as important as all that."

"There are two reasons," Mr. Macnath was being patient, obviously being patient. "The first is that you are, unfortunately, the author of our school motto—our official motto." He stressed the word official. "The other is that a man who expounds such noble sentences so finely must

be, to say the least, a fine and sympathetic human. There are any number of purposes, among them who would love the publicity of the occasion," Mr. Macnath went on; "but we prefer a man whose kindly thoughts and simple human dignity will leave the mark of an specific personality in the minds of the poor little folk—we like them to see and hear men they can admire and look up to, whose example they can copy . . ."

It seemed clear that Mr. Macnath could say a lot about this. Hardcastle stopped listening at that point, however, and while Macnath's nasal voice flowed on, the motto-writer was smitten with a wonderful idea—Macnath, after all, was a true good-will. Here was a wonderfully legitimate way of getting out of town for a few days until the affair of the Chequer had been settled . . .

Hardcastle didn't complete the thought in his own mind. He nodded slowly and said, "I see exactly what you mean, Mr. Macnath. I sincerely feel worthy of such a trust, and you may be sure you exaggerate my weaknesses."

To himself he thought, "Hell! I'm starting to talk like he talks!" Aloud he complained: "However, if I am acceptable, I feel it a duty to do something to help those children."

"To help them further," Mr. Macnath said solemnly.

"To help them further," Hardcastle dutifully repeated in what was, he hoped, a voice of true humility.

"Excellent, excellent!" beamed Mr. Macnath.

His little partner made his first and only contribution to the proceedings. "Excellent!" he echoed. Hardcastle made an effort to stop himself

saying "excellent" as well as he was now solidly of the opinion that this happy escape from the city was, indeed, excellent. Then he broke up.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "if I am going to do this I had better clean up. When shall I come—today?"

"Tomorrow," Mr. Macnath corrected. Details were quickly finalized, and Hardcastle called them back as they went out to ask one more question.

"What, gentlemen, is the motto of mine which has become so important to your school?" he asked.

Mr. Macnath opened: "When the best of trouble round you

comes

And clouds of trouble above you form,

Your life is tested—don't disgrace it, Square your shoulders! Steep and face it!

After which Mr. Macnath turned his back and walked briskly away, followed by his silent partner.

Hardcastle sat down and mopped his brow. "Steep and face it," he murmured. He told the switch girl he would have to be out of town for a few days, and told her why. Then he told her he couldn't speak to or see anybody else because he was cleaning up to get away. Then he sat back and lit another cigarette and said with a very grin, "Steep and face it—like hell!"

He felt happier than he had felt all morning. And he found the spirit to ring up Gloria Fenn late in the afternoon and suggest that her night was so happy that it could be repeated. Gloria giggled and said something about being once bitten, but Hardcastle briskly retorted,

"You'll be there, you little two-niner!"
And so she won.

The Shallow Springs hotel faced the Shallow Springs subway station, from which it was five miles by road to the orphan's country estate. The orphan's car was not at the station when the train arrived, but the Shallow Springs hotel was, so Hardcastle did the obvious thing. When he came out the car, a small two-seater, was driven up across the road, but there was no driver in it.

Hardcastle slipped a breath-sweetener into his mouth because it seemed wrong to approach all those dear little children while commiserated by alcohol. Then he waited on the footpath for the driver of the car.

There was, crossing the road, a very well-made young woman in riding breeches and standard white shirt, simply open at the neck but tightly drawn about a generously curving figure. Hardcastle found it hard not to study this young woman in detail as she came closer. He was surprised, but not displeased, when she strode up to him, struck her thighs into her belt, thus drawing attention to a pleasantly slender waist, and said in a hearty, cordover way, "Would you be Mr. Hardcastle?"

Mr. Hardcastle said yes, he would be. He spoke absently, for he believed he dreamed about the girl an arm of ym, gm.

"Have you just been over for a drink?" he asked.

The large brown eyes stared right into Hardcastle's face, and a rich voice said, "I've been to the post-office," in a tone which left no room for doubt.

"Have you been drinking?" she demanded.

Hardcastle was going to make a quip about being a hobby student of hotel architecture, but did not. He studied the well-matched white shirt and thought it was a pity.

"It's pretty hot, you know," he evaded.

"Mr. Hinchin will be very disappointed," she told him, "Very disappointed."

The little two-seater bumped on the noisy gravel road that went five miles out to the scene of the doings. Hardcastle was not displeased when he was thrown against the softness of the driver's arm; he was slow to react to his corner, but a stiffening of the arm, and a slight movement of it, indicated his course of action to him. He sat as far away from her as he could and murmured to himself the noble character he had assumed, naughtily, as part of his responsibility.

The matron-comports-mistress of the home had been chosen because she was young—an essential, Mr. Hinchin said, in holding young people; because she was lovely—beauty should be there in every way, Mr. Hinchin said; and because she was virtuous, obviously, strictly so. She was the female counterpart of the high-minded Hardcastle.

On his own part, Hardcastle, as he saw her simply, coolly, quickly at work on the organizing of bonfires and high jumps for the vocal mob of youngsters, felt that more promising careers and more suitable settings were available to so charming a young woman.

"What's her name?" he asked Hinchin.

"Jennifer Johnson," Mr. Hinchin said, sitting heavily, "Miss Johnson. A lovely and charming woman."

Hardcastle agreed.
He engaged her briefly in conversation a number of times throughout the morning. It seemed perfectly obvious to him that the young people whose motto in life he had so unwittingly forged, were completely aware and careless of his presence; and he was relieved. His mental traces of sticky-fingered youngsters clanking at the unexpectedly grosser moans had been a greenish fear, and he was glad.

"I hope," Mr. Hinchin said, "that you are happy to see these young people so full of enjoyment."

"Very," Hardcastle said.

"Have you some special message for them when you come to present the cups and prizes they are at present winning?" Hinchin asked.

"I have a few words that I've selected on," Hardcastle said nonchalantly.

"Good," beamed Hinchin. "I'd like Miss Johnson to give you some idea of the kind of young people you're about to speak to. A lovely young woman, Mr. Hardcastle. She is among women what you are among men—she has never minded because she has no serious doubts on the correctness and vulgarity of habits common to men—spitting, smoking, and such things. Her life is devoted to the young."

"Fine," Hardcastle murmured, but his heart was not in it.

But Miss Johnson proved a little more understanding than he had expected. She came over to him at luncheon-time and offered him a light roll of paper.

"I suppose you've attended so many of these functions, Mr. Hardcastle," she said. "Perhaps you'd care to glance at the paper while we're running the final event?"

Hardcastle thanked her. He returned to the shade of a tree and commenced to scan the news. It was on page two, and he was thankful it hadn't yet made headlines. But it suspected foul play in the matter of the death fall of Lady Cheshire, and a state-wide hunt was in progress for a man whom, the police believed, might be able to throw light on the matter. Hardcastle suddenly realized that publication of names was not possible until he had been formally charged. That, at all events, made him safe. He gained a strong conviction that the orphanage might be a very safe place—and after the speech he made as he presented the cups and prizes later in the afternoon, it was easy to secure an invitation to spend the night under the roof.

That speech, inspired by a fervent desire to receive the invitation, was what Hardcastle mentally rebbed a pippen among pippen. He himself was moved almost to tears by the tender sentiments he expressed. He consciously addressed himself to Mr. Hinchin and Miss Johnson, what he said about his own childhood struggles, was calculated to impress them as much as the children—"for other children" Hardcastle mentally remarked—present.

And the invitation was duly forth-coming.

There was a brief spell after the snack, simple evening meal, during which Hardcastle was left in the library with a volume of Thompson and a book of common prayer. He

blinked at the sight of somebody else's vision, and though becoming aware for the first time that he was not a pioneer in this field of writing. "Better stuff than mine," he muttered a couple of times, and this led him back to his original thoughts in the school. "Stay and face it," he muttered; "stay and face it? Not 'at!"

And it was at this precise moment that Miss Johnson entered the library and, closing the door gently, came over and said to him, "Mr. Hardcastle—if you were going to take a walk in the garden, say down the lane of elms, somebody might be waiting to speak to you. Yes?"

Tennyson dropped to the floor, and the book of common prayer was placed hastily on the table. Wondering about the reliability of his ears, Hardcastle got to his feet. With forced casualness he said, "Funny thing, Jennie—I'm sorry, I mean Miss Johnson, I was thinking of stretching my legs."

She gave an understanding nod and left him as quickly and silently as she had come. With an air of forced casualness Hardcastle wandered through the french windows onto the verandah, down onto the path, and stopping once or twice to suspect a rustle in the dusk, made his way to the lane of elms.

Miss Johnson had been here to it. Her starched white skirt had become a beige and aubergine blouse of the same open-necked, sporty kind that such figures as hers should wear now after. He came towards her under the trees, and greeted her arm. "I thought you'd be here," he said.

Her brown eyes gleamed at him. He felt that the master was almost

right to kiss her. With restraint, he waited a moment, to make sure.

"I had to come," she said. And with that Hardcastle gathered her to himself and kissed her in the manner to which, he thought, she was quite unaccustomed. He was pleasantly wrong about that. After too long a time she put her little hands against his shoulders and pressed him back from her.

"That was a great liberty, Mr. Hardcastle," she said.

"Jennifer—" he began, and stopped. He had nothing to say. He had no precedent as to what one might say to a pure girl like Jennifer Johnson.

"Tell me," she said suddenly, filling the gap. "You're a—well, an impostor, aren't you?"

Hardcastle's mouth opened, but no sound came.

"You didn't mean a word of what you said today," she claimed here. "I know—you're not that type."

Hardcastle's shrewd mind told him to say nothing at this moment.

"Aren't the police looking for you over the Chatter case?" she asked.

Hardcastle's school, "Police—for me—over—"

"It can't have escaped your notice," she said, and while he followed her words Hardcastle realized that she was still looking nicely and heavily against his chest. "It can't have escaped your notice," she repeated, "it's in the paper—the paper I lent you."

"But—but—I don't—"

Miss Johnson interrupted smartly. "Don't say you don't know her," she said. "You've seen you with her."

"You're—?" Hardcastle's voice conveyed his statement.



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"Yes," she said. "And she was found outside your place, wasn't she? I happened to remember your address."

"You—my address?" Hardcastle was certain, now, that he couldn't be hearing aright.

"And the police are looking for a man—in you?" she finished, as a query.

"It hadn't occurred to me at all," Hardcastle said.

She turned away from him, and looking her arm in this, led him down the deep shadow of the elm lane, cautiously across the grass.

"We can talk in the car," she said. "My car."

"The orphanage car?" he queried.

"Used by them up till now," she said, "but my own private property."

"The old boy will miss us," Hardcastle said.

"I told him you had returned early," Jennifer said, "and didn't wish to be disturbed."

"And you?"

"I told him I was going into town."

They walked on silently, climbed into the car, and she drove him down the drive and out along the country road. Under the shade of a spreading popple tree she braked to a standstill.

"The police case against you will be pretty black," she said.

"How would you know?"

She smiled. "I was discussing it with our local sergeant this morning. He's had a confidential statement of it, and he's on the lookout for you."

"And?" he queried.

"They have the taxi-driver who drove her to your address," Jennifer said coolly; "two of your neighbours

saw her outside your flat a few minutes before she was found; the girl Pam that you used as an alibi was no good because she knew the exact time you met her—she remembered it because you were late and she was counting the minutes. And they know how long it took you, because they found the taxi-driver who drove you to the hotel and the waiter and everybody recognized you. It was a nice trick, but it's definitely a case as alibi goes," she said calmly.

"But—but—it wasn't an alibi," he said. "It was just—"

"Wait!" There was authority in Jennifer's voice. "The Pam girl told the police about the bandage. A glove found under a matted-up sofa matched the glove Christine was wearing. You betrayed anxiety to the caretaker of the flats later in the evening. And the case is fairly well set up that you pushed her out."

"But I—"

Jennifer Johnson said, "I know, naive. She was going to have a baby," Hardcastle gasped. "You didn't know?" Jennifer continued.

"Well, the prosecution will be that you did know, that she tried to shake you down for some money, that you were sick of her, and pushed her out of the window. That's how I see it. That's how it could be. Additional facts—your daughter's vic at the office the following morning; witnesses, two girl typists. And your escape from town under this—flimsy pretext."

Hardcastle stiffened. "A touch of Moody isn't," he said heatedly. "And you—what do you expect out of that?"

Jennifer toyed with the gear shift, a slow smile at the corner of her



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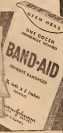
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mouth, a fright look in her big brown eyes. "Well—what about a little something for the orphanage?" she suggested. "A donation of a couple of hundred, say? It's a good work, you know."

"And for you?" he demanded ironically.

"For me? Enough to get out of the deadly place so that I live again," she said.

"Well—" he was about to say something, but swiftly changed his mind and with the old, cynical Hardcastle grin he said, "Well, hardly. Why did you do it?"

"Somewhere to look out with a little bit of something blew away," she said darkly, "and I've had it. Get me out of here."

"Now?"

"My clothes are in the back," she said.

"And the donation for the orphanage?"

"We post that back, registered mail," she said.

"And if not?" he asked.

"I scream blue murder until somebody comes, or I drive you to the village square."

Hardcastle looked at her again, and pulled her over to him and kissed her. "Have it your way," he said. "You aren't bad, really, are you."

She smiled and started the car. They descended Shallow Springs, and they descended the next two towns, they swung off along a cross-track and came back to the main road and knickered up a garage and got some altogether unnecessary help replacing headlight lamps that Hardcastle had expertly short-circuited, just to prove that they were travelling north, not the way, set south, from it. Then

they went into town and pulled into a hotel yard.

At ten o'clock at night there was nobody in the hall of the hotel but an old cleaner, and they told him, too, that they were coming up from south and were delayed by headlight trouble.

He went to fetch the box.

In the empty hall Jennifer ignored up to his ear and whispered, "Did you push her, really?"

Hardcastle shook his head. "My god no," he said emphatically. "She searched his face for a moment. The short-sighted manager was coming slowly down the stairs.

"I believe you," she said simply, in a quiet normal voice.

Then she turned to the approaching manager and said, "Double room for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson—one with a view?"

The manager handed the astounded Hardcastle a pen and pointed to a space in the register. He pulled a key down from the hook and threw it on the desk.

Jennifer said sweetly, "How often do they clear the mails here? My husband wants to post an urgent cheque."

Going up the stairs Hardcastle asked, "How did you know that I'd been around with Christine—and how did you know my address?"

"I used to work in the office at your favorite pub," she said, "and was out your accounts. I've seen you with her dozens of times—and I liked you even then."

She took his arm and married against him. "Take me back to life, man," she said. "And don't forget the cheque for the children."

(ADVT.)



Even Lloyds shook their heads

Today Life Assurance is a recognized virtue but once a shocked even impetuous Lloyds

To-day, Life Assurance is accepted throughout the civilized world as a commonplace virtue, and there are few Australian adults who do not hold at least one policy. This has not always been so, and as recently as the eighteenth century the directors of Lloyds, the world's most famous marine insurance institution, were moved to protest emphatically against its growth.

In March, 1774, the directors, at a general meeting, passed a motion pointing out that "Shameful Practices have been introduced of late years into the business of underwriting, such as making speculative marriages on the Lives of Persons . . ."

The motion then went on to say . . . is the first instance, it is endangering the Lives of the Persons so insured, from the idea of being selected from Society for that inhuman purpose, which is being virtually an accessory in a species of slow murder . . ."

Strange for modern times, but perhaps there was just a tinge of jealousy prompting this motion. For modern life assurance grew out of marine insurance. In those adventurous days, so now, owners insured their cargoes and ships for each voyage, and in due course the captain also was insured against capture by pirates or death for the duration of the voyage.

Probably the first recorded case of life insurance on land was that of "William Gylbom, citizen and alder of London," who is said to have bought a year's protection for £32. He died within the year, and his heirs collected £400! No doubt the neighbors raised suspicious eyebrows!

To-day, however, life insurance is a vital power for good in the land, and the Australian Life Assurance Office under a writer (both to their policy holders and to the nation) which is unequalled by any other group of institutions.

Cavalcade STORYTELLER



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WHEN the town of Ballarat was still just a collection of huts and muddy tracks, William Cross Yuille was a man of great consequence in the district, because he grazed his sheep and his cattle and grew his crops on land which no other man had bothered to claim. He was happy in the fact that here was a Utopia of his own, deep in the silent wilderness of Australia. Yuille employed only a few men

on his station and they were men who preferred the wide open spaces to the bustle of city life.

As he watched a couple of lonely prospectors washing gold in a creek near his property, Yuille was benevolent and friendly. They could try if they wanted to, but it was unlikely that gold of any value would be found in the district. After their work, the prospectors would often come to the homestead for a meal and a talk, but as he came to know them, William Cross Yuille little knew that these men would menace his freedom and property.

One day, almost a year later, Yuille rode across his land and saw the waggons of men prospectors dozing his fields. With picks and shovels they tore up his earth, scouring the land which provided fodder for his flocks, despoiling the fences and raising their tents beneath the shade of his trees. The people looked at him with fear in their eyes. They

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were no ordinary working people—they were men who knew they could get rich if they dragged the wealth from the earth. Mysteriously, they raised their picks and shovels and Yulle returned to his house. He saw it was useless to argue.

And still they came, more men and more waggons. They built houses in Ballarat, stores, warehouses and offices. It became a gold-rush town. Outside the town, the land which had once been the Utopia of William Cross Yulle, became scarred with the mines of the gold-seekers, and with all the carnal of the race for wealth.

Yulle was forced to retire from

his station, revenge in his heart for those who had invaded his land. With deliberate planning, he went to Melbourne and opened a betting office there, which made him a richer man than he had ever been in Ballarat. And in getting rich William Cross Yulle achieved his ambition for revenge, for through his office flowed the wealth of Ballarat—gold from the land he had been forced to vacate. Even though they left the boundaries of Ballarat, rich men, the miners of Victoria's gold-rush town could never resist the chance of making money at Yulle's betting office, and Yulle's revenge was as sweet as it was complete.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



IN a special part of the Library of Congress in Washington, U.S.A., visitors from all over the world may see for themselves a document, carefully preserved under glass, which earned for America its right to speak for itself in the world. It is the famous Declaration of Independence, which declared that the United States of America formally renounced its subjection to the British Crown. But as avid visitors look upon this document, there are few who know that they are not looking upon the original document at all. What is displayed is merely a carefully copied facsimile, whilst the real Declaration is locked away in a special vault beneath the library. But few of the visitors know also that the original document not only tells the story of

a great achievement, but also clearly and unmistakably shows a blunder, which, if it had not been made, would have saved the lives of millions of men, women and children a hundred years later.

The story of the great blunder began in the year 1776. War had already been declared against England, and the Red Coats from Britain were shining across the Atlantic. Congress was demanding that a Declaration of Independence be drawn up, which would officially release America from any responsibility towards England. Among the Congressmen who spoke was a man named Thomas Jefferson, a young idealist, who urged that a clause be inserted to abolish slavery in the United States. The Congressman from the slave-studded states of the

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South fought against the issue, but finally the clause was put to the vote and was included in the historic document.

But even after the document was finally drawn up, there were quarrels and discussion over it. Many demanded that the slave clause be deleted.

In spite of all these quarrels, Congress signed the Declaration and America won its war. Years later a man named Thomas Jefferson, who had made a stirring speech in Congress, became the third President of the United States. But even in his new and exalted position, the Penn-

sylvanian could not alter something which had been done twenty years previously. He could not bring back his lost clause. For, tragic as it may seem, the last clause of Thomas Jefferson can be seen to-day on the original and guarded copy of the Declaration of Independence, a clause heavily inked out and cancelled, by the request of the Southern States. And every American knows to-day that if it had been left to stand, and if Congress had not made that tragic blunder, the war against slavery—America's Civil War—a hundred years later, might have been postponed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

 THERE were 430 immigrants on the "Duke of Westminster" as she drew into Brisbane on December 6th, 1884. Traveling strange, they had had a rough journey from London. Among them was a twenty-year-old youth, seven stone in weight and little more than five feet in height. In London this English youth, whose Christian name was William, had been a student-teacher handling a class of sixty, so it was logical that his first move would be to apply for a post with the Department of Education in Brisbane. He was offered one at a beach school in Queensland at a salary of £72 a year, but after making expenses and calculations on the cost of living, he found he would be left only £7 a year, so he turned the job down.

William's small capital was soon

exhausted and he was forced to pawn almost everything he possessed to buy food. Then he was offered a job by a German pineapple plantation manager. For fourteen hours a day he picked pineapples for the reward of 10/- a week and keep. From the plantation he drifted to Western Queensland and became a tally clerk in a railway shed, a grape-picker in a vineyard, a sheep carter, a shearer, and an odd-job man at a cattle station.

He then volunteered in the Queensland Defence Force which was raised to meet the expected Russian invasion and he was sent to Thursday Island to work on a coal barge. But the Russians did not come and the little pleasure returned to his own life. He became a drover, and went out after a heavy day's work, he slept on the ground outdoors



8 "IRON YAMPI" (12,500 tons), the largest ship built in Australia, photographed just prior to her launching on September 1, 1947, at The Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd. shipyard, Whyalla, South Australia. When fitting-out is completed, this vessel will join the B.H.P. fleet of eight ore-carrying steamers, her main job being the transport of iron ore from newly developed deposits at Cockatoo Island, Yampi Sound, Western Australia, to steel works at Newcastle and Port Kembla, New South Wales.

during a heavy frost and had his hearing permanently damaged. From diving, William turned to the sea and became cook and steward on an island ketch. Six years from the day he had landed in Brisbane, he found himself in Sydney and for the first time he obtained a steady job. It was a "super" in George Ragnold's Shakespearean Company. He received 12/6 a week, and after his rent was paid, he was left with 7/6 for food and clothes.

Then William married, and finding his wages inadequate, he settled down in a rumahackle shop in Balmain as a knife-grinder, second-hand

bookseller and general odd-job man. He met two kindred spirits whose ambitions were to become politicians, and together, the three of them formed a debating club on the shop premises.

Surprising as it may seem, the three men in later years took their place in the political and public world in Australia, for the young immigrant reached full fruition when he became Prime Minister of Australia, and his two friends became a Premier and a Judge respectively. The immigrant was William Morris Hughes, and his two colleagues were Holman and Beeby.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

 **TO** Wulfe, as he looked over the orchard fence, the pears were very desirable. Wulfe was an old hand at robbing orchards and the activity represented his only means of livelihood. He knew well enough that if he were caught, the farmers of Sudbury would have no qualms in hauling him before the magistrates, but Wulfe was as cunning as a fox.

He hesitated now as he looked at the pears, but he was in need of the

peace they would bring when he sold them in a neighbouring village. He looked around furtively and commenced to climb the fence.

Suddenly he dropped back and leaned over the fence, a picture of astonishment. A man was approaching, coming from the house that stood before the orchard. He peered at Wulfe suspiciously and Wulfe stared back, first at the man and then at the box of pears the man held in his hand. Wulfe would not

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walk away because he knew that would confirm the man's suspicion that Walke was not the casual observer he hoped he appeared.

Then the man picked up a board and began to paint, and still Walke looked on, until at last the man went back into the house, and Walke, with one last look at the poorly went on his way.

As neighbors passed the orchard next day, they stopped to look at a picture on the orchard fence, a quickly-drawn picture of a man. Several of the people who saw the picture recognized the likeness to a man they had seen hanging around their orchards and whom they had suspected of taking their fruit, but they had never got close enough to him to discover his identity.

Walke was found, and was brought before a magistrate of summary. Doggedly he denied having plundered their orchards, but at last his spirit broke, and he confessed to the "sin."

Then came the problem of Walke's punishment. The obvious thing

was to take him before the magistrate, but, said one farmer, that would give them nothing, whereas the Army needed men, and if Walke could creep on the enemy as silently as he had crept upon their orchards, he was just the man the Army wanted.

The alternatives were placed before the stumbling Walke and he chose the Army, rather than a court sentence.

History records nothing of Walke's Army career, indeed his only justification for entering this story is that he was the unconscious instrument by which the career of a great man began, a career that gave the world one of its most ancient painters. It was a simple incident which caused the painter, who had taken but a casual interest in art, to believe that he had true talent. Encouraged by his neighbors, he continued to paint and one of his most famous pictures a "Blue Boy," because the artist was none other than the immortal Thomas Gainsborough.

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Talking Points

• **COVER GIRL:** Yes, there's something in those eyes—that *look*—Ours is a whole you find that you'd rather look at a face than a figure, one of those faces that just gets you and puts it away, and that's the face of Susan Hayward. When the photograph was taken she was not drunk, as in "A Woman Deceived," but more likely getting ready for the pleasure role she plays in the gracefully glided through the night life of "The Lost Moment." Susan is one girl Universal-International films are very proud of.

"The Lost Moment" is, incidentally, about a female jockey and a fella, and that's Susan. By day, a really unromantic type, by night quite a card. What a thought!

• **McLEOD LIES:** Our hatred for Morris McLeod is based on the fact that he can't take anything very seriously—and doesn't on doing it as well as he can write. The writer critic notes of the new verse "Lies of Love" (page 77), in his poetical opinion "fine verse," he says that writing any sort of verse is dead easy, and that with a little practice he is sure he could carry on conversations in verse instead of prose. In fact, he has done this for hours at times, usually 44 poems, not so much to provide entertainment, as to prove to all assembled that poetry is "like lunch."

Anyway, you'll like her nonsense.

• **COLOR LINE:** Browning Thompson is simply a good fellow and not a bad musician. Why he takes his deep, professional interest in vocal questions when he could be enjoying a peek on a more road job, gets us down. But he means that the design he wrote in "Minty" and the "Calvin Lane" were really sold him by a real fellow who really had been in Africa and had seen them. "In case they were profitable" sales, I checked them, as far as I could," he said. "I find that the design that fellow sold me are correct, if surprising."

• **HEALTH:** Whether you die of T.B. or blood poisons is something which, to a certain extent, is within your control without being exactly a Hobson's Choice. The trouble is fairly that you don't know the facts (to read this article on page 56) and secondly, that when you know them you won't take any notice of them (so what?). The facts are these—what you do about them is your business; but you might be a happier and healthier person for knowing about this.

• **NUDITY:** Lela Dolan, author of "Naked as the Family" says—"In ancient Rome the women of the street used to cover their breasts; how better were the men of a night. Today we are quite accustomed to bare breasts in public. How did this transformation in thinking come about?"

That's only Lela being smart. There's a bit of sense even in her article (page 4 of this issue), however.



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